

DO YOU EAT RICE?

My Life as a Peace Corps Volunteer

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On September 22, 1961, the Peace Corps Act became law. In that Act, Congress declared that its purpose was "...to promote world peace and friendship through a Peace Corps, which shall make available to interested countries and areas men and women of the United States qualified for service abroad and willing to serve under conditions of hardship if necessary, to help the peoples of such countries and areas in meeting their needs for trained manpower, and to help promote a better understanding of the American people on the part of the peoples served, and a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people."

INTRODUCTION

The land area of the Philippine Republic is a little larger than that of Arizona but is divided among more than 7,000 islands with a population close to 30 million people, predominantly Christian. In 1946, the Philippines gained independence from the United States, which had taken possession of the islands following the Spanish-American War of 1898.

Studies of the Philippine educational system had shown a marked deterioration in English comprehension and pronunciation since Philippine independence, resulting in a request from Filipino educators to the Peace Corps for thousands of native speakers of English to work in the barrio (village) schools, introducing new methods for teaching English as a second language. The local dialect is used in grades one and two, but English is the predominant medium of instruction in Philippine schools from grade three.

Volunteers were also requested to work in upgrading science and arithmetic instruction. Most elementary education Volunteers, drawing on their own ingenuity and on whatever science background they possessed, could be expected to contribute to science education through improvised experiments and demonstrations, in schools where science had only recently been introduced into the curriculum.

In many towns and barrios, the schools are the focal point for community activity. Working with teachers and municipal officials, Volunteers were encouraged to promote such activities as health and sanitation, education, composting, improved breeding of livestock, community recreation and adult education.

Certain Volunteers were assigned to work closely with the PACD, the Philippine Government community-development agency, primarily in the barrios, while additional Volunteers were to work in higher education.

The majority of Peace Corps Volunteers in the Philippines, however, were originally designated as elementary aides in barrio schools.

I was one of these.

In the following pages, I shall attempt to describe my day-to-day life - its activities, its incidents, and the people and places that were involved. This book is neither a defense nor a criticism of Peace Corps, Philippines. It is a very subjective account of two years in one woman's life, a commentary of one woman's feelings, then, and now.

PREFACE

At 8:30 am on Saturday, July 14, 1961, I reported to room 506 in the Daily News Building at 220 E. 42nd Street in New York to take the Peace Corps Placement Test. We were told that there was no passing score. The results were merely supposed to help the Peace Corps Selection Division evaluate a candidate's abilities in certain specific skill areas.

Several months later I was invited to train for Project Philippines, Group III, which I had to decline for personal reasons. I subsequently accepted the invitation to train for Group IV, Philippines. Training for this project began March 30, 1962 at Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pennsylvania, and lasted ten weeks.

Included in the training and orientation program were the theory and practice in the teaching of English and science, designed to meet the requirements of educational aides in elementary schools in the Philippines (100 hours); history and contemporary culture of the Philippines (100 hours); study of Philippine language and linguistics (36 hours); Democratic tradition and institutions and the contemporary American scene, (50 hours); contemporary international problems, Communist strategy and tactics, and America's role in world affairs (10 hrs.); health and medical training (40 hrs.); physical education and recreation (40 hrs.), and Peace Corps Orientation, the aims and structure of the Peace Corps, its role in American foreign policy and the Volunteers role within it (20 hrs.)

If I remember correctly, Group IV trainees numbered originally around 55. With three exceptions, all were college graduates. There were a half-dozen or so Elementary Education majors; about twenty in Secondary Education and/or English; seven, History; six, Economics; five, Sociology; three each in Philosophy and Political Science; two, Music; one other Journalism major besides myself, and one each in Psychology and Language.

Except for myself and a few others, most were out of college less than two years.

During this period at Penn State, we trainees were evaluated with respect to technical ability and general personal suitability for the job for which we were supposedly best fitted, as well as for the project as a whole. Peace Corps selection is based on merit alone, without reference to race, religion or political affiliation. Two underlying factors guide the entire selection process. The candidate's personality characteristics must be such that he can make a successful adjustment to Peace Corps overseas standards, and by the time he completes training, he must be able to satisfactorily perform the job assigned to him overseas. Medical selection standards are exceptionally high, but not inflexible.

Three trainees selected themselves out before the end of training; three others were selected out by either training staff or Peace Corps, Washington. While the training program was being conducted, the Civil Service Commission conducted a full background check on each of us.

Shortly before final selection was to take place, a debate was scheduled within our discussion group. The subject: There is a Peace Corps Party Line. A member of the training staff prepared

his tape recorder as I nervously approached the rostrum to give the opening declaration for the affirmative (this position was assigned to me and did not necessarily represent my point of view), in what promised to be a spirited, hotly-debated argument. I have included excerpts from that speech, prepared with the assistance of my team, to show how dispassionately we could look at the organization we wanted so much to be a part of.

"Webster's 3rd International Dictionary definition of 'party line' is: a complex of principals, policies and attitudes advocated by or associated with an individual, group or organization...

We maintain, that as cultured partisans, we are strategically employed as defense against totalitarianism in the world. Is not our State Department's foreign policy committed against totalitarianism? So then it must follow that we, too, will carry the party-line banner, "E Pluribus Unum."

We, as Volunteers, are agents of change in these countries of flux which have so graciously invited us to disseminate our quiet-mouthed assistance and service. We are necessarily a project in public relations for American democracy in general and U.S. foreign policy in particular, protecting the image of America against the non-believers.

Are we not embarking on a mission of 'manifest destiny' or 'implicit destiny', spreading the enthusiasm and altruism which are notable features of the American legend, because the American legend is the heroic legend; the American legend

is the legend of the Old West and the new frontier; the American legend is invincible. Is not the history of America the history of a missionary movement?

We will be apologists because, in the long run, no matter what our feelings may be on any given subject under discussion, be it civil rights, capitalism or the C.I.A., we are committed not to deny democracy, because we cannot, in good conscience, betray our American heritage.

I should like you now to consider several of the statements delineated in our Peace Corps Volunteer Personnel Policies. We realize that our worthy opponents will call attention to the fact that this manifesto was written by scribes bending over backwards. Are there such blind spots in our own perceptions because we may be in agreement with most of the party line? The presumption that we don't intend to break or deviate from these rules and regulations has no bearing on whether they exist.

Consider that the PCV must

1. Accept the need for subordinating his personal freedom and independence of action to ensure maximum effectiveness of the Peace Corps.
2. Show respect for local customs, manners, taboos, religions and traditions.
3. Maintain standards of personal conduct, personal appearance and grooming, with no control over our prescribed standard of living.

And consider that the service of a Volunteer may be terminated at any time because of his failure to adjust to a substantially different ~~picture~~ culture or his intentional or unintentional misconduct adversely affecting U.S. relations with the host country.

Do you still truly believe that there are no limits to our freedom of creativity, our freedom of expression, our freedom of individuality which cannot be abrogated with impunity?

Furthermore, there must be no racial or religious intolerance in volunteer selection. Nor will the government of the United States accept invitations from countries who would discriminate against the race or religion of volunteers selected. Isn't this position a not so subtle trumpeting of a party line?

Almost as an aside, I should like to review a particular directive called "Your Relations with the Press" from the Director of Public Information.

Quote: "Volunteers should be especially careful in making public statements abroad. It may be that anti-American elements in the local press will attempt to trap a Volunteer into injudicious statements that might be used to embarrass Peace Corps programs. The right kind of statement can be invaluable."

Ah yes, image!

Also in this directive is a request that Volunteers are not to write signed articles on their Peace Corps experiences for compensation.. Is there fear of subversion? Is there fear of subversion when a young man in Florida is turned down for the Peace Corps in that "Operation Abolition" fiasco? 'Selection out' is an expedient method of elimination. Elimination of those who MIGHT not adhere to the oath, "I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Consitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic...that I do not advocate the overthrow of our constitutional form of government..."

Please note that the phrase "violent overthrow" is not used in this oath we are required to take.

The Peace Corps party line is a subtle, not blatant infiltration. Like it or not, my worthy opponents, you and I and all of us are tools of American guerilla warfare, not hornblowers, but snipers. And we must face this and know this and live with this each day in the Peace Corps, because we asked for it.

Finally, to paraphrase Walter Lippman, our government knows it is not wounded, but sick, and because it is failing to bring order and peace to the world, we shall be beset by those who believe that they have been chosen to succeed us.

Are we not obstacles in the path to the decline and fall of the American Empire?"

Little more than a week later I was told that I would be sent to the Philippines to serve as a Peace Corps Volunteer.

On June 20, 1962, Group IV, Philippines, departed from Seattle, Washington for Manila, where our training was to continue for several more weeks. At this time, language training was intensified and we were introduced to Bureau of Public Schools officials, our "sponsors" in the Philippines.

One week was devoted to field trips, where each of us was sent south to visit Volunteers in groups I and II and observe their living conditions, also talking about their jobs, their problems and their general point of view. This was our first chance to see what it was really like. My birthday was celebrated on this field trip, recorded as follows:

June 27, 1962

If anyone ever told me I'd be spending my 26th birthday in the town of San Joaquin on the island of Panay in the Philippines, I would have thought they were loco. If anyone had told me that I would be given a surprise party by the elementary school teachers of the San Joaquin school, whom I had not previously met, I would have thought they were delirious. Or being presented with gifts. Or seeing these not-so-young teachers dancing the Twist and the Mashed Potato. Or singing Auld Lang Syne when I left the party. Or later eating a chocolate cake baked by the girls with whom I'm staying during this observatory field trip; a chocolate cake baked in an oven over a kerosene stove; a chocolate cake with

chocolate frosting in which we found a lizard
 sleeping (we ate the cake). We did the bamboo dance
 (Tinikling), listened to taped Bach and Beethoven,
 sang folk songs accompanied by a guitar, played
 scrabble, drank warm cokes; were followed and stared
 at; attended a barrio town meeting; swam in the
 warm Pacific; was frightened and exhilarated by a
 thunderous tropical storm; slept on the floor and
 showered with a tomato can; rode the trucks between
 cocks, pigs and farmers; drank warm beer - this was my
 field trip, this was my birthday. The Mayor stops
 by to borrow a copy of Time magazine, two months old;
 another neighbor stops in with corn or peanuts or
 candy, or maybe to bake a pie. The postman stops by
 on Sunday to verbally deliver a telegram so the girls
 don't have to wait until Monday for the delivery.
 High school students march in and out borrowing books.
 Pigs are squealing, dogs barking, carabaos, cocks, &
 crickets all contribute to the ^{symphony} ~~symphony~~ of the barrio.
 We pump the Petromax lamps; we carry water by bucket
 from the pump; we say good morning to everyone.

This is the Peace Corps on a field trip on my
 birthday.

The above letter to a friend would not be complete without
 my friend's response less than two months later:

"If anyone told me I'd be spending my 26th
 birthday in the borough of Brooklyn in the state
 of New York, I would have thought she was loco. Or
 spending the evening at a local movie with my
 husband. Or enjoying a roast beef dinner in the

presence of my parents, brother and husband. Or enjoying the joys of motherhood or going through the routine of feeding, diapering, bathing and playing with my son. This was my birthday in Brooklyn..."

On July 29th, I arrived with my companion, Anabel Stafford, at our destination.

Sitio Santa Lucia

Barrio Canhaway

Guindulman (town)

Bohol (island province)

The Visayas (area)

The Philippines

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peace Corps, Bohol

Assignment

Anabel Stafford, roommate from Hobart, Indiana	Indiana	Guindulman
Mark Summers, nearest neighbor	Indiana	Candijay
Howard Sansbury	Ohio	Alicia
Chuck Whitely	Arkansas	Valencia
Ron Hall	California	Valencia
Bill Abbey	Pennsylvania	Loay
Jim Fraley	New York	Loay
Jack & Jeanette Lynch	Massachusetts	Bilar
Jay McCrae		Batuan, later
		Cebu City
Jim McKeever	New York	Batuan
Don Chauls	New York	Sandigan Island
Maury Freedman	Massachusetts	" later Loon
Mary Garland	Colorado	Tubigon, later
		Mindanao
Mary Ryan	Pennsylvania	Tubigon
Dick Vittitow, PCV Leader	Indiana	Cebu City

Town and Barrio

Hugo Peligrino and family
Dionisio Abrenilla and family
Inday and Pedro Mapang and family
Canhaway School teachers
Guinacot School teachers
Dr. & Mrs. Felipe Liao
Flor Castrodes

BOHOL: AN ISLAND AND ITS PEOPLE

Between the triangular tip of Leyte and the southern end of Cebu, Bohol stands prominently among the islands of the Eastern Visayas.

Boholanos, like their brother Visayans, are descendants of the sturdy, sea-faring and proud race, the Shri-Visayans. When groups of this race braved the seas and landed on these islands, they brought with them their Malay culture and civilization. Their clothes, their way of living, their crude ideas of arts and sciences, habits, customs, mores and superstitions were transplanted in their new homes. The Bohol dialect today still retains some of the words used by the Malayan ancestors. Even to this day one can find traces of Malay and Hindu influence in the architecture of some of the public buildings and private houses.

The coming of the Spaniards in the year 1521 brought few changes in the lives of the people except in religion. In every poblacion (municipality) of the province, the Spanish friars succeeded in erecting a church, a monument to the greatest contribution of Spain to the islands, the Catholic faith. The Christian religion was responsible for the eventual minimization, if not the total elimination, of age old practices of idolatry, sun and ancestor worship, and deference to spirits and objects of nature.

During the four hundred years of Spanish domination in the Philippines, the Boholanos were also subjected to other external influences - the Arabs, Hindus and Chinese. It is thought that Boholano soldiers reached the home lands of these peoples or the foreigners landed on their shores to trade with Boholano customers.

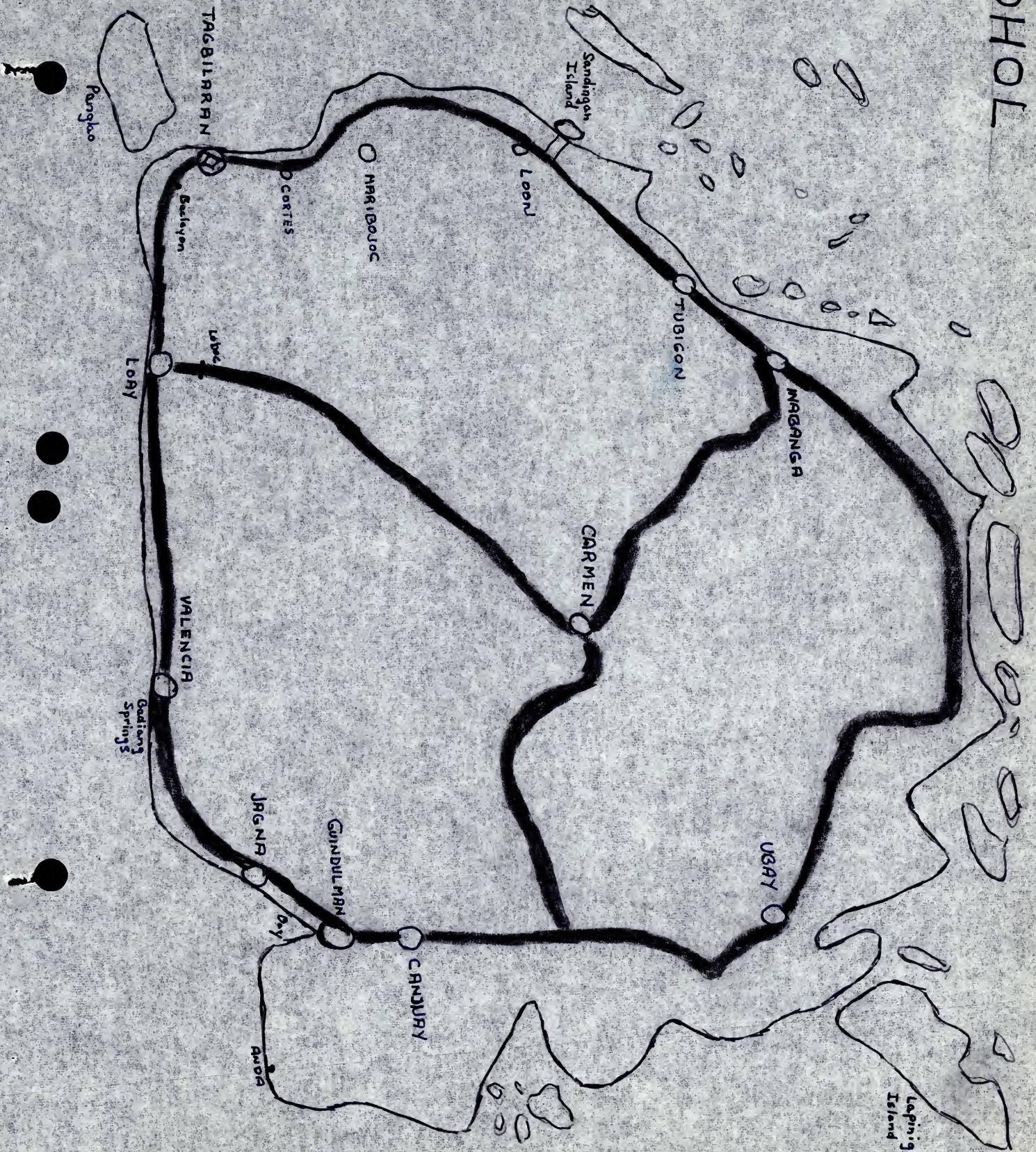
Relics of these early contacts are still found in the architecture and furnishings of some homes, in customs and in utensils, china, glass and pottery that have been excavated by farmers.

Bohol is the scene of two important moments in Philippine history, the Legaspi-Sikatuna Blood Compact and the 80-year long Dagohoy Revolt against the Spanish.

Tagbilaran is the capital of this 1,500 square mile province of nearly 700,000 people. The province today is a land of small farmers, craftsmen, weavers, fishermen and traders. The average Boholano is an independent farmer who owns a small farm on which he builds his home, plants his crops of rice, corn, camotes and ubi (root crop), perhaps has a few coconut trees, a few pigs and some chickens. While 60% of Boholanos fall under the category of tenants, these tenants are generally part-time tenants, tilling other lands in addition to their own. Between planting seasons, the people fashion hats, baskets, mats and other articles from materials such as buri, saguran, piña cloth and sinamay. They also fish, cultivate banana plants and other fruit trees, make furniture and create jewelry.

In point of money value, copra, the dried meat of the coconut, ranks first; rice, second, and corn, third. Fish ponds produce lukon (big shrimps) and alimango (large crabs).

BOHOL



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Around Bohol

Bohol is primarily a province of hills, with the so-called "Chocolate Hills" of Carmen a bona-fide tourist attraction. There are five major approaches to the mainland of Bohol: Tagbilaran, Maribojoc, Tubigon, Jagna and Guindulman. Only Jagna presently has a harbor deep enough to allow entry of ocean-going vessels.

A trip 'round Bohol by one of the truck lines serving the island is considered a marvelous holiday jaunt. Seven kilometers* from Tagbilaran, in Baclayon, is the oldest Roman Catholic church in the province. As we follow the provincial road, we'll come to a long, steel structure known as the Clarin Bridge (in Loay), the only revolving bridge in the Philippines. It was designed to allow light interisland vessels to reach Loboc, an inland industrial town six kilometers from the mouth of the Loay River.

Twenty-five kilometers eastward, just past the coastward town of Valencia, is Badiang Springs, famous as a health resort and the place where R. Sargent Shriver picnicked with his 16 Bohol PCV's on August 15, 1962. One of the springs is caught in a government-built concrete swimming pool, fronting the sea and flanked by Punta Gorda, a jutting mass of rocks verdant with foliage.

We pass the always busy port of Jagna and go on to Guindulman, facing Guindulman Bay, which held a fleet of Japanese ships during World War II. There are virgin, white sandy beaches across the Bay which can only be reached by banca (outrigger-canoe); there are ranges of manganese mines along the Guindulman-Anda border.

* One mile is equal to 2.2 kilometers.

The truck follows the road inland, away from the coast, passing Candijay and Mabihi with their cathedral-like caves, whose fantastic interiors hide not only glistening stalactites, but also 'guano' (bird) fertilizers in great abundance.

Then comes Alicia, with its new Town Hall, followed by the flat, stock-farm country around Ubay. From Talibon, one can have a glimpse of Bohol's hundred islands and islets, sprawled chainlike from Sandigan Island in Loon to Lapinig Island in Ubay. For the information of anyone interested in buying an island, most of these are uninhabited.

As you pass through city-like Tubigon, your senses are beginning to be dulled by the long hours on the provincial road. You have just enough curiosity to see the ancient ten-meter wide flights of stone steps in Loon...the Moro watchtower in Maribojoc... Cortes and its mushrooming Southern Industrial Projects mills and factories...and finally, back to Tagbilaran, its pedi-cabs, tartanillas and shiny, elegant Coca-Cola bottling plant.

Guindulman

Guindulman, more than 300 years old, is one of Bohol's 45 poblacions (towns or municipalities). Its name is derived from the word "guinduloman", meaning the place where darkness of night overtakes a traveler. Legend has it that in times past, there were only two organized towns in that part of Bohol, Jagna and Alicia. Travelers starting from either of these towns would be forced to spend the night in this place, hence "guinduloman." The name was appropriate because the place was once shaded by a thick forest.

As in most towns in the Philippines, the church and convent occupy the center hub from which all other buildings radiate.

Guindulman's convent is historical. It was the headquarters of the American soldiers during the Filipino-American War, and also of the Japanese occupation of the Philippines.

Americans have been both invaders and liberators, but are best remembered for the latter role. Forgotten are the American patrols who, during the American occupation after the Spanish-American War of 1898, burned houses and rice stacks on the rice-fields; who shot cows and carabaos on sight; who burned the towns of Jagna, Duero and Candijay, although sparing Guindulman.

Soon after order was restored, the Americans began to establish schools - the first teachers were American soldiers, bringing a system of education patterned after that in the States. Well-remembered are the Thomasites, Americans who came to the Philippines in the 20's and taught school under much more primitive conditions than today's Peace Corps Volunteers.

After the fall of Bataan and Corregidor during World War II, the people of Guindulman began to evacuate to the mountains, but all able-bodied men from 18 to 60 years old remained in the poblacion to do volunteer work - guarding coastal areas or digging trenches. In May, 1942, the Japanese occupied the town, stationing themselves in municipal and school buildings. The Japanese soldiers tried to convince the people that they were not invaders but their rescuers from the American yoke. Civil government remained in the hands of town officials but was under the control of the Japanese forces.

In October, 1942, the resistance guerilla movement took shape under the leadership of Major Esteban Bernido, a USAFFE officer (now governor of Bohol). Skirmishes took place which cost the Japanese a heavy number of casualties because they were at a disadvantage due to the presence of houses. So the Japanese set fire to the

whole poblacion from bridge to bridge.

During the liberation period, ~~the~~ ^{aid was} ~~extended~~ in the form of UNRRA clothes and PCAU goods. The poblacion slowly recovered with War Damage payments. The primary and intermediate buildings and Home Economics building were reconstructed. That part of the national highway passing through the poblacion was asphalted.

And, finally, in 1946, Guindulmanos, and all Filipinos, found themselves alone - no Spanish, no Americans, no Japanese. They were an independent republic.

Canhaway

A fisherman used to cast his net in a certain spot along the shore. Usually he had an abundant catch. When asked by other fishermen the name of his place, he would answer, "Canawayan", from Canaway, the local name for a species of birds. These white, sea-roving birds, after their flights from far-off places, would come and rest on a big tree near the sea. When the barrio was duly established, the people adopted the name Canhaway. It is one of the fifteen barrios of Guindulman.

It's believed that the barrio was established about 1880, when a Spaniard named Don Damaso measured the boundaries and private lands already claimed. As the population increased, the barrio was divided into nine sitios, for convenience and facility in administrative work. Today, about twenty-five families comprise the sitio of Santa Lucia, named in honor of the image of Saint Lucy, who they selected as their patron saint.

After the liberation, the barrio people built a school building for their children in sitio Santa Lucia, 350 meters from the national road. It was called the Canhaway Elementary School.

Over the years, additions were made to that building in order to handle grades one through six. This past year, that school won first prize for Schoolground Beautification for all of the Philippines.

Across from the Canhaway School is an open-frame wood construction with a nipa palm roof. There is no electricity in this house, or running water. There is no flush toilet or kerosene stove.

It was to this house and to this school we were welcomed by Hugo Peligróno, principal, on July 29th, 1962.

A NIPA HUT, OUR HOME

Housekeeping

When we arrived at this house that was to be our home for the next twenty months, we found myriad workers scrubbing down the walls, polishing the floors, sweeping the yard, cleaning the stove (clay burners which use firewood for fuel), feverishly preparing this not-new house for the two Americanos who were actually going to live in their place.

We found a two-story construction, partially held up through the use of well-placed tree trunks. At the ground level which, at one time boasted a sari-sari store (a miniature general store), there was a storage area and, on the other side, another section with raised concrete, separated by G.I. sheeting. Eventually, a pipe was run in downstairs alongside the concrete, where we took our tomato can "showers."

Wooden stairs led to a small porch where shoes were left before entering the sala (living room). Our two, small bedrooms each led off from the sala, with curtains draped in front of the entranceways as partitions. Originally, there was a door and walls separating the sala from the dining area, but we took down the door and knocked over the planks in the wall to make library shelves for the books we had brought with us.

We stepped down into the dining area, which contained a large, round captain's table and four straight-backed chairs. There was also an aparador (combination china closet and pantry). Towards the back of the house, past the stove and down two steps, was an area we devoted to washing-up and laundering hand linens. There were large water jars both here and at a 'sink' in the cucina (kitchen). Finally, to the amusement of every Volunteer who ever visited us, there was the throne, a real wooden armchair,

strategically placed over a metal chute that led to the ground, properly 'carved' to allow maximum comfort. (Stateside powder rooms are called comfort rooms in the Philippines). This piece of 'furniture', as well as our beds, chairs, aparador and other household articles, were either loaned by neighbors or left by the landlord, who had ~~xxxxx~~ moved out to another house so we could move in.

We purchased a sala set in Tagbilaran - a couch, two chairs and an end table, as well as housewares not provided by the Peace Corps; they had donated a radio, tape recorder, trash basket, non-matching china, utensils and frying pan, among other things, plus a couple of gadgets we never did figure out what to do with. The two most basic items in any Filipino home, the rice mat (used to toss kernels into air to separate from chaff) and the bolo (sharp-bladed instrument) were always borrowed by us. I'll never understand why we didn't get around to buying our own.

Our 'windows', where we had them, resembled sliding shutters, with squares of a shell-like substance that served as panes. The nipa palm roof, which had to be replaced periodically, kept the house cool, but always seemed to be in need of repair at the height of the rainy season.

We rented this house for ~~about~~ P20 a month.*

MONEY

Peace Corps policy dictated that Volunteers live on an approximate level with their counterparts, whatever the given situation. Teachers in the Philippines invariably have helpers to assist with cooking, cleaning, washing, fetching water and taking care of children. We had no babies to worry about, but we

* There are approximately four pesos to one dollar.

promptly hired a somewhat reluctant young lady to work for us at P25 a month. Aniceta Mapang, nicknamed Inday*, was recommended to us by Mr. Peligrino and, despite her protestations and fear that her English was not good enough, proved to be the best friend we had.

In time, we learned how to be good Filipina housekeepers...

(Dec.'62) After cleaning out our ground floor of accumulated junk belonging to the owner, and the buk-buk houses (kind of termites) belonging, I suppose, to us, Inday and I eliminated the cobwebs and scrubbed the wood from top to bottom. Then we used whitewash to make our "shower" room downstairs brighter and more attractive. To top it off, I mixed and laid cement for the walkway next to the pipe, which had been plain dirt. That, plus helping fetch water from the pump fifty feet away, polishing our wood floor upstairs with half a coconut husk and sweeping up should qualify me for something...

Cobwebs were only temporarily eliminated. I must say that spiders are the most industrious of creatures. Within an hour, new webs would begin to appear. Most of the spiders around the house, while frightening, were rarely poisonous. Their bodies, however, were huge, about the size of large leghorn eggs, with a legspread of as much as six inches. We had to learn to live with them since we never knew when one would scramble out of a pair of hanging shorts or come stare at us while we were taking showers downstairs. Anabel never really adjusted to them - she screamed every time she saw one. We used to make Inday kill them until we found out they liked to eat cockroaches. I loathe cockroaches.

*Inday means young girl and is a very common nickname.

Long after I had built a wooden wardrobe for my clothes, I discovered a pregnant spider placidly occupying a space in the back of the closet. For weeks she didn't move an inch from her place against the wall. Then one day, I was amazed to see tiny, baby spiders making their way around on wobbly legs. Anabel shuddered at what the next few months would bring. I think I surprised myself with the detached curiosity I felt toward this birth of a thousand spiders. After all, they weren't my favorite creatures, either.

One creature I did enjoy made only one appearance at the house during our stay. This cute little mouse raced across the sala floor while I was typing a letter. I must have scared him. These tiny mice, which I had observed running up and down the walls of a classroom several months before, belong to a variety of rodent that never grows much longer than finger length. Rats disgust me, regular size mice elicit the usual response from me, but these were play size. That time in the classroom I held one in my hand. (Mother doesn't believe it).

Since it was customary to have someone other than the helper wash and iron clothes, we gave our heavy linens and clothes to Bibi Betancourt who, with Mrs. Mapang (Inday's mother) pounded our things on the rocks in the nearby river, dried them over hedges in the sunlight, and then pressed them with a charcoal iron. This cost us approximately P12 a month. We were pleased with everything they handled, except our arnels or silk-type dresses. People in the barrio rarely wear any material but cotton, and fear using an iron on flimsier fabrics.

It often happened that our lavendera, Bibi, had to help her husband in the field plowing, planting or harvesting rice, so she'd be unable to wash, leaving us in a do-it-yourself position. We had enough sets of sheets and pillowcases from Peace Corps to last several weeks so, avoiding the river and using an extra large basin, we'd squat down and only take care of our clothes and necessary items. During the rainy season, we had rope strung across the kitchen near the stove trying to dry our wash so it would be ironable. It was difficult keeping anything dry when it rained day after day. Bohol is supposed to have a more or less even distribution of rainfall over a twelve-month period, but we seemed to have a concentration of precipitation during December, January and February.

The sun is no longer worshipped as a god, but the people obey its will every day of their lives. They're up and around by sunrise and retire soon after sunset. Both they and we tried to utilize every bit of sunlight that nature provided. Their kerosene lanterns, candles and even our more costly Petromax lanterns didn't give off very good light.

Fortunately, Bohol is most often out of the way of ^{the} tropical storms that batter Masbate and Leyte, so we rarely complained about the weather. I've been hotter during August in New York. Once, though, we were riding on a truck and were startled to see a funnel-shaped cloud out at sea, a dreaded tornado whipping up the waves, but it never came close enough to land to have any effect on us.

There are several interesting superstitions still believed concerning the weather. People in barrio Bato believed that during lightning and thunder mushrooms would appear, so after the storm, they would go around looking for mushrooms.

In barrio Cabantian, people thought that earthquakes were caused by the fighting of two strong persons called Inok and Elias, who lived under the earth. If these two persons quarreled, they caused the earth to tremble.

Some early people followed what they called the "impacta." By observing the climate of the first 12 days of January, they foretold the general climate and weather conditions of the following twelve months of the year.

There's nothing mythical, however, about using the sun as a timepiece. Even we could guess pretty close to the hour.

A favorite riddle follows: What is born in the morning, matured at noon and widowed in the afternoon?

The sun!

Money

In the beginning, we each received monthly a check for P240, about \$60. Out of this we paid P20 rent, P25 to Inday, P12 to our lavandera and P2.50 for the water bill. Expenses for food, repairs, improvements, decorations, contributions and daily living came out of this amount. Before we had left Manila, we were given additional pesos to set up our household, covering furniture, Petromax lanterns and other outstanding purchases. Since I'm supposed to have a logical mind, I was in charge of money for our household. I therefore knew the prices of everything from instant coffee (P2) to chickens (from P1 to 2.50, depending on size and condition).

We managed to live reasonably for six months until disaster struck...

(Mar.'63) Our allowances have been reduced! What's the matter, didn't you pay your taxes? Living on P240 was bad enough; now we have to exist on 210 pesos. Is the John Birch society attacking the Peace Corps, or something? We spend a lot of our money on things for the schools and the children, such as picture books, crayons, colored chalk, drawing paper, comics, puzzles and games each time we go into the city.* Now that spending will have to be cut down. There are so many things we need and wish these kids had. When I think of the hundreds of neglected games sitting around an American kid's house, I burn...

We were making less money than the lowest paid teacher. It really upset all attempts at budgeting. We girls had enough difficulties adjusting to the reduction, but the boys really had trouble. Several were already in debt at their local sari-sari stores - a flood of letters bombarded Manila Headquarters. Many pairs of PCV's had split, for a variety of reasons, and were maintaining separate abodes. Two might not be able to live as cheaply as one, but they certainly could live more cheaply than one.

Also, the boys had more entertaining to do. As 'sheltered' ladies living alone, we weren't expected to have an aparador full of Anejo (rum) or San Miguel (beer). But they were. I suspect that their rum 'n coke bills ran higher than their food bills.

There were a few six-foot plus athletic PCV's on Bohol, including 6'5" Jim Fraley, a former small college All-American basketball player, husky Jay McCrae and muscular Ron Hall. They couldn't exist on the fish and rice diet we became accustomed to. They had to have meat, even if it was necessary to spend extra for canned corned beef, or to send their helpers to nearby towns on market days to purchase fresh meat, an expensive daily proposition.

*Cebu City

There were times before the allowances were upped much later to a more reasonable P225, when we had to have credit at stores in town. The owners were rarely reluctant to extend us credit. After all, the U.S. Government wouldn't fail to come through, would it?

Food and Cooking

I weighed 128 pounds when I took my first Peace Corps medical exam. Two years later, I weighed 101 pounds. Before all weight-conscious females take off for the Philippines, I should warn them that most female PCV's gained weight (male PCV's usually lost). Anabel and I were two relatively rare exceptions.

We didn't have much variety in foods to choose from, but our meals were more appetizing than any the male Volunteers prepared, since they never marketed or attempted to experiment in the kitchen as we did...

)Aug.'62) Inday is chopping up some onions and garlic to go with our cabbage, eggplant, shrimp and rice. After our Manila diet, where vegetables were rarely in view, it's a pleasure to eat fresh vegetables. You should see the huge shrimp we're sometimes able to get. I never thought I'd look twice at a whole shrimp, eyes, tail and all, set before me, but they're the sweetest I've ever tasted. We were invited to have lechon (roast pig) the other day. There it was, turned over a spit, as succulent an animal as I've ever enjoyed...

Meat was a luxury. Unless we were having guests or dining elsewhere, we most often subsisted on fish, vegetables and rice. Inday prepared green vegetables in salad form, after boiling them, using fresh ginger, spices and fermented tuba (tuba, a mildly alcoholic drink made from the coconut tree, became a vinegary substance after several days).

We occasionally bought chickens from neighbors who offered them for sale. Beef depended on its availability on Sunday, which was market day in Guindulman. I was inept as a cook in New York, but...

(Dec.'62) We got such a good cut of beef this past Sunday that I decided to play cook. After Inday sliced and pounded, I followed a recipe for Beef Cannelon (meat rolls), using ingredients available here. Inday watched with amusement as I tried to hold the beef together with toothpicks, after rolling the slices around the filling - chopped egg, canned Kraft cheese, a little tomato juice, herbs and seasoning. Turned out quite well, much to my surprise and, I suspect, hers.

We've been experimenting much more lately, combing the stores for hard-to-get recipe ingredients. Pepper comes whole, not ground, (McCormick's brand, though available, is expensive), so there I am, with pieces of whole pepper placed between two napkins, hammer in hand, and wham! - we have ground pepper. We get flour at the town bakery. Salt is non-iodized rock salt bought in bulk...

For Christmas, my parents had sent a package of canned goods.

(Jan.'63) We invited Mark and Howard to dinner and I prepared your canned, cooked ham like a baked Virginia ham, using brown sugar, pineapple juice and chunks, sliced apples (a gift from the Abrenillas), and a type of native tangerine, cooking the whole thing together for all the flavors. Separately, again using brown sugar, I turned blah, boiled camotes (which resemble potatoes) into sweet potatoes. We finished our gay repast with fruit cake Anabel received from home, and black coffee. Anabel ingeniously fashioned a coffee pot from two tins, punching holes into one with hammer and nails. All this on our three native burners!...

Friends and relatives generously added to our larder at holiday times. One week, which I dubbed "National Food Week", three separate cartons arrived. First arrival was a large tin of English cookies from an aunt, still fresh and delicious after their trip across the Pacific. Next to arrive was a carton of hard-to-get items like cans of tuna fish, coffee and strawberry jam, from a PCV who had stayed with us a week as part of her training. Finally, as the tour de force, there was a carton of delicacies not normally found in the barrio, nor on most American pantry shelves. There were smoked frogs legs; stuffed herring fillets; pate de foie; Spanish olives stuffed with anchovies, Edam cheese balls from Holland and chocolate ants, which I couldn't bring myself to eat, but my Filipino neighbors found them delicious (high quality chocolate, never mind the crunch). When you've been used to rice, fish and eggplant, these additions, however kookie, certainly brightened up the eating picture ahead.

(Feb.'63) Naturally, since joining this organization, I've put thoughts of my previous gourmet meals as far out of my mind as possible, but once in a while, visions of sugar plums dance before my eyes. Yesterday, while shopping in Jagna, I came across canned mushrooms so, last night, I prepared spaghetti with mushroom sauce, using Del Monte tomato sauce, the mushrooms, black pepper, garlic, onion and salt. It wasn't like Mother's but it was palatable. Inday loves spaghetti. The smoked frogs legs, however, she can do without...

Although two kinds of pasta were sold in town, we rarely were served it in the poblacion, and never in the barrio. The exception was a tasty cold macaroni salad with pieces of chicken and pineapple chunks.

One evening just after dinner, Inday's mother and Bibi came with our freshly ironed laundry. They gazed curiously at our left-over macaroni. In the dialect, they asked if we were eating worms. We suggested that they taste it (that night we had had a meat sauce made with bits of beef) and they gingerly raised it to their mouths. They appeared to like the taste, but I think they still believed we were eating worms. This surprised me, since a starch product common to the Philippines is a thin, Chinese noodle, called, variously, misua or behon, which, to some PCV's, really resembled worms, though they were a favorite in our household as a staple of pancit, a typical dish.

(Mar. '63) We had an opportunity to get potatoes last week, so, using beef bought that day in Jagna, and cutting it into so-called steaks (There were no butchers - strips of beef hung on nails in the open at the marketplace), we covered them with our canned mushrooms; Anabel made french fries, opened a can of creamed corn, and "Voila" - a Saturday-night dinner...

Eventually I prepared 'Hawaiian steak', following a recipe, and learned from Inday how to make both chicken and beef adobo, mostly a matter of marinating in vinegar, soy sauce and spices. But these culinary achievements were few and far between. We depended on fresh fish, shrimp in season, a bushel of crabs on occasion or, when these weren't available, dried or salted fish, canned sardines and cuttlefish, or, as a last resort, canned corned beef, which we viewed in much the same way as the G.I.'s viewed Spam.

We were warned against eating raw fish (it was a cause of cholera), one medical order which I thought I was in no danger of breaking. But we did break it, many times, only, of course, when we knew the source. Raw fish, made with vinegar and spices, is

delicious. It's not for anyone who has trouble with his digestion, however.

My favorite dinner recipe?

(Oct. '63) This past week has been a week of one of my favorite foods - the tuna are running! The first time I ate fresh tuna I thought I was eating meat, since it slices into thick slabs, without any bones to speak of. Huge tunas, just out of the sea, are cut up in front of our eyes in the market, and for a peso a slice, we buy two slices and have enough for two meals or more for the three of us. Canned tuna will never taste as good to me again after having eaten the real thing.

I get a double enjoyment out of eating this fish because of the way Inday prepares it, as well as mango and other fish. It sounds like a Hebrew word - escabetchy (probably misspelled), but it's native to the Visayas.

The most important ingredients for this sweet and sour sauce is fresh, young ginger, which is sliced very thin. This, with thinly sliced garlic, is sauteed in a little cooking oil. When browned, several cups of light, red vinegar are added, and to this, five or six tablespoons of brown sugar. Add a pinch of ~~salt~~ salt and wait until it's sizzling; then add the fish, which has already been fried. It's wonderful!..

Breakfast was 'American' - fruit, rolls, eggs and coffee. We always had bananas. In season, we had mangoes - once you develop a taste for these, you can never forget them; papayas, jackfruit, lanzones, starapples and other tropical fruit. Usually one egg each, fried or scrambled, bread from the town bakery and instant Nescafe or the local Cafe Puro completed the meal.

Between our Filipino dinner with rice and our American breakfast with bread, the noon meal was "mestizo", a little bit of both. Filipinos have dinner at noon, but we couldn't normally manage a big meal before the hottest time of day.

During the first year, we had ice three times a week, delivered down at the road, where Inday, Pedie or their sister Bertang would pick it up, but service was stopped for some unexplainable reason. There wasn't any fresh milk, so we drank warm soft drinks, warm beer and boiled water, which, if mixed with calamansi or lemonsita juice (citrus fruits), was refreshing. Local rum, gin and wine were the 'hot' drinks, with or without ice.

Marketing

The local sitio sari-sari stores were handy for buying canned goods (corned beef, sardines, peas) if unexpected visitors came by; for biscuits and local chocolates at merienda (snack) time; and for items like rubber bands, envelopes, vinegar or sugar if we ran out. We did most of our marketing, though, in Central (the poblacion), two kilometers away. The majority of the time we walked, unless we were fortunate enough to get a truck. (These so-called buses or trucks were open at the sides, with boards for seats. A few of the transportation lines put hard ~~xxxxx~~ cushions over the boards. On market days, people crowded the trucks beyond belief, hanging off the sides, as they brought their chickens, pigs, vegetables and other wares to the market town. Also, if you wanted a letter sent to someone along the road, you'd give it to the truck driver to drop along his route).

Each town had an established market day one day of the week, when animals were slaughtered and seasonal fruits and vegetables were brought from the farms. Sunday was market day in Guindulman, but we shopped other days, too. Since Anabel wasn't fond of marketing, Inday and I would usually go alone, carrying the shopping basket between us. After shopping at the open-air stalls for meat, fish, vegetables and spices, we'd search in amongst the stores for something new or different. Wong Hong's* store was first for necessities - his was one of the few places in town that could cash a P20 note. Next was Mrs. Liao's store for more variety. Then to the bakery for bread and cakes, and, last stop before the Post Office, what we called the 'milkshake' store, for packaged chicken soup. Their milkshakes were crushed ice with sugar and evaporated milk. Every once in a while, the town would run out of a certain commodity...

(Oct.'63) The only exciting thing that happened this week was the return of facial tissues to Guindulman. We've been suffering for nearly two months without tissues since the stores in town ran out of stock. Every other day we've been washing out handkerchiefs, or using napkins or toilet tissue. Strange are the things that become precious...

Occasionally, on Saturdays, we'd ride 20 kilometers into Jagna for their market day. Jagna was a port town and had a greater variety of foodstuffs, both in the market and in the stores.

One Saturday, soon after our arrival, we went to Jagna to purchase two wooden chests in which to store our linens. That purchase caused an uproar! It seems that when girls buy chests such as these, they're expecting to be wed. When we returned to

*Chinese merchants abound in the Philippines.

the barrio, they had already heard about it and kidded us about our future husbands, wedding dates, etc. We found out soon enough that we couldn't do anything on the island without everyone knowing about it.

If we were in the capital, Tagbilaran, for a school program or athletic meet, we'd raid their market, stopping, too, at the Bohol Quality Store for household and school necessities.

Rarest of all were trips to Cebu City, Peace Corps Headquarters for the Visayas, where we could get just about everything Manila had, at the market and at the wondrous White Gold Department Store.

A typical shopping list follows:

Eggs, condensed milk, fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo of sugar, cigarettes (local brands), mosquito killer, corned beef, matches, vegetables, bread, kerosene, coffee (instant), sardines, Vienna sausages, peanut butter, pineapple preserves, ketchup, margarine, lard, cooking oil, soup, macaroni, tomato sauce, toilet tissue, facial tissue, soy sauce, flashlight batteries, radio batteries, hand soap (Peace Corps provided detergent) and Anejo.

Inday

Inday Mapang was the most valuable "property" in our household. From the beginning, she was a hard worker. If she saw me do something to straighten up, that would be a part of her routine from then on...

(Aug.'62) Yesterday I had Inday making wax balls for a science demonstration I'm doing on the seasons. I think she enjoys working for us and not only for the prestige it gives her. I'm sure we keep her constantly amused with our impromptu singing, dancing and joking...

(Sept.'62) We have a great girl who does the cooking, cleaning, etc., and is a very spirited, kookie helper whom we dearly love...

(Oct.'62) This past week I transplanted a tree and had Inday slice both sides of a tree trunk so the students could observe the inside of a trunk. That poor girl gets so involved with our science experiments and demonstrations...

In November, Anabel left for six weeks to take a Cebuano language course, while I stayed behind, with Inday, to stage a children's play for Christmas...

(Dec.'62) Inday has a boyfriend named M.B., a tailor by trade. He's come to the house several times to call on her. M. speaks English well, is intelligent, kind, hard-working, doesn't drink and makes a very nice appearance. We would hate to lose Inday but, if she wants to, we'd encourage her to get married. At 24, she's supposedly 'old' to be yet unmarried. But, sensible as she is, she doesn't want to marry early (she's had several opportunities) and be burdened with lots of children before she's 30. Women of 25 often have four or more children and they age so fast. Inday wants her children to have the education she missed, and there's a better chance if you have three or four instead of seven or eight...

At first, she'd look with suspicion at our choice of food, accustomed as she was to a strict fish-rice diet morning, noon and night, but, in time, she relished some of the items we introduced, as the aforementioned spaghetti, as well as canned tuna, marshmallows and mushroom soup. Most of the contents of the food package from home elicited only desultory interest from her. She quietly examined the canned roast beef, the hamburgers and the canned salami, and made an unpleasant face when I opened

the black olives, but her eyes lit up when the Danish cookies made their appearance. We rarely ate desserts*, but let the Peligrinos or other visitors bring cakes or chocolate, then Inday had a picnic. She was thinner than either of us, so better she than we.

Inday amazed us that first year. She'd only had a 5th grade education, with four years of actual schooling, since she'd skipped two grades, yet her English was remarkable, as good as some who were teaching school. She had noticeable poise, an agile intelligence and a quick tongue. Although she had no factual knowledge about philosophy or theology, we could discuss ideas and religion for hours.

We took her to Cebu City for New Year's Eve in December, 1962. All Cebu-Bohol PCV's were invited to a party at the Casino Espanol, an exclusive Spanish club.

It was a masquerade party; most of us didn't wear costumes, but the wealthy Spaniards outdid themselves. It wasn't a quiet party, which we would have preferred, and I think Inday concluded that most of the people were nuts, but she watched it all, missing nothing, suffering in my white heels.

She met many of the Volunteers from our group and very aptly told us what she thought of each one. Sometimes I couldn't believe her astuteness in judging people - she liked a good friend of mine immediately and disliked a non-friend on sight (without any coaching on my part). She thought this non-friend smiled too much and wasn't sincere about the smile. Several of the boys got her into conversation and found it hard to believe that Inday was a barrio girl with little formal education. She always managed to impress people with her ability to think and speak knowledgably, in any

*Cakes and pies are rarely served after a meal, only for meriendas.

situation, and with whomever appeared, governor, congressman or another American.

She also had a great deal of pride. The following May, in Manila, we were being taken around the city by our then barrio lieutenant (sort of a borough president). After entering the Congress building, we walked about the main floor, then decided to go upstairs and see a session of the legislature. We got into an elevator and rode silently to the 4th floor. Not until hours later, after we had returned to the home where we were staying, did Inday whisper to a friend questioningly about that 'moving room' she'd entered earlier in the day. Although I'd tried to prepare her for anything new she might encounter in the big city, it never crossed my mind that Inday had never seen or heard about an elevator. She hadn't known what she was walking into, but watched the people around her, saw them face front, and did the same herself. When it began to rise, she was terribly frightened, but when she glanced at us and saw we weren't alarmed about anything, she just remained quiet, never saying a word. She didn't want to appear stupid and provincial in front of the other people in the elevator.

The second year, with our encouragement, both she and her brother Pedie, 22, equally bright and resourceful, returned to school, Pedie to first year high school and Inday to 6th grade, difficult decisions at their ages. Both had had to drop out of school, either to take care of younger children or to work in their family's rice fields.

(Aug.'63) I could tell you about the superficial changes in her dress or hair, but the complete picture won't evolve for several years, at least not until she finishes high school, and, perhaps, college. This much I have to do for her, because her ego and her personality demand it, though she remains silent. She hasn't been spoiled working for us. I'm betting against her ever becoming "hombog" (proud or snobbish), even after she acquires an education. She's got too much spirit and too much salt to play the educated lady she now mocks. I've got her in 6th grade now, where she's at the head of the class. Sometimes she's impossible - I call her "Boss" -she's over-sensitive, but, more important, is extremely individualistic and dominating. Nowhere along the line have we ever tried to put her in her 'place', mainly because I believe she hasn't found her place in life yet...

We had gotten Inday correctional tinted glasses* which she was ashamed to wear because she was afraid people would think she was proud. In the Philippines, wearing glasses (and wristwatches) is a status symbol. We ourselves could never go outside without sunglasses; the sun was ~~was~~^{so} bright. But we always had to keep after her to wear them.

Inday was a thoughtful person. I remember one day...

(Oct.'63) This ~~morning~~ I left for Guinacot and the sun was shining. It promised to be a hot day, with only a few cumulus-cirrus clouds in the sky (our lesson in 4th grade science). The nasty old nimbus clouds didn't swoop down until precisely 11:30 am, moments after I finished my last morning class. There I was, stranded, as sheets of rain came pouring down. Several of the teachers waited with me, refusing to go to lunch without seeing me safely on my way, so, for a half-hour, we each grew hungrier.

*Many Filipinos need glasses but can't afford them.

At that hour of the day, transportation was rare. We splashed from the school to a house across the way where the teachers had their lunch. They still refused to eat. Finally, after twenty minutes more, a truck-truck hove into view (as distinguished from a people-truck) and one of the teachers, knowing the driver, waved it down and in I climbed. When I was deposited at the foot of our mountain (normally, you would only consider it a rise, but when it rains or is very hot, it becomes a mountain) I wondered what to do next, since I was still without umbrella, the torrents were not abating and I might drown walking the quarter of a mile up. Then, who should step out of the mist but Inday, dwarfed in Anabel's raincoat, carrying an extra umbrella and my plastic raincoat. She had spent more than half of her lunch hour waiting for me down at the road. Was I appreciative!

Several months later, Pedie and Inday's future school plans were threatened. Their father was told by a doctor not to farm anymore because of a heart condition. Both of them would have had to quit school, a future punctured before it had a chance to become something. Fortunately, Mr. Mapang's politics saved the situation. He was appointed a policeman by the new Mayor, whom he had supported in the previous election. With the income from his job, he ^{could} ~~xxx~~ hire someone to work his fields and take care of the family's coconut trees.

Today they're both attending school. Pedie is in his ^{third} ~~second~~ year of high school in St. Mary's in Guindulman. Inday is a ^{second} ~~first~~ year high school student at Holy Name in Tagbilaran. Anabel and I hope to help them both finish their education.

Inday was, to me, first a friend, second, a sister I never had, sometimes a scolding mother, and lastly, a helper. Perhaps someday, her wish to come to the United States can be fulfilled.

Neighbors

Inday and the whole Mapang family - Pedie, Alberta, Tinie, Ale and Teoy - and Mr. and Mrs. Mapang - were the warmest friends we had in the barrio. Their house, a few hundred feet down the road, was our second home, despite the fact that besides Inday and Pedie, they couldn't carry on an English conversation and we couldn't maintain a conversation in the dialect.

The younger Mapangs and the Abrenillas were frequent visitors. Both Mr. & Mrs. Abrenilla taught at the Canhaway school, and we had two of their four children, Evelyn and Dionisio, in our classes. From the beginning, they tried to make our stay comfortable.

And from the beginning, our house was "open house.".

)Aug. '62) When we got our trunks from home, the whole neighborhood inspected each item with appropriate comments. It was very amusing trying to smuggle personal items past the curious noses in the trunk. Everything we pulled out was a treasure that was exclaimed and fussed over, particularly if they didn't know what it was. We don't resent what you would consider continuous invasions of privacy. We're objects of curiosity and will be so for a long time. Yesterday I had an audience of about 30 children when I typed my first letter...

Whenever the door was open, the children came in, sprawled on the sala floor and read the Classic Comics, worked puzzles, played dominoes, ~~make~~ modeled clay, or watched us. Sometimes there was a spider fight. The kids played with all kinds of insects and moths as well as birds.

Over the months, we learned to know and love our near-by neighbors and their children. Across the road from us were the

Berou family - mother, father, teenage son and daughter, a younger daughter who attended Canhaway, a pre-school age boy and, shortly after our arrival, a baby girl, Margi, who became Inday's god-child and a favorite of ours. Diagonally across from us were the Golosino family - mother, father and three young children; the youngest, Boboy, was undoubtedly the brightest, cleverest and *most* impish three-year old who made our acquaintance. What a mouth!

There was Milay Pelinio, the barrio seer; Miss Berou, our kind landlord; Payong Pelinio, the always smiling sari-sari store owner; the Laga children and their parents, who spoke pretty good English; Ilaria, an old grandmother who delighted us with her questions; cherubic Virgi Pelinio, a rare only child; in one direction there were also the Ranarios and Olamits and, in the other, more Pelinios, the Maquisos and the Bersabals, with Mrs.B. the acknowledged happy-happy leader of fun and games. These were our immediate neighbors in sitio Santa Lucia.

Mateo

Several other figures introduced themselves into our household and became semi-permanent residents.

(Sept.'62) We have a new "kauban" (companion) who appears to have adopted us. His name is Mateo and he's a dog. He belongs to Milay Pelinio but took to marching into our house every once in a while. We used to shoo him out, but this is a very resolute dog. We'd avoid him completely, but he'd just sit down and make himself comfortable, happy enough to bask in the radiance of our presence. We purposely gave him no food, but that didn't deter Mats. Finally, Anabel gave in and welcomed him. He now follows us everywhere. Yesterday he walked with her all the way to Guinacot, into the classroom and plopped himself down at her feet. This morning

he trotted alongside of me as I started toward Guinacot, but a truck came along, so I had to say goodbye and send him back...

Anytime we took the truck instead of walking, Mateo wore a pained expression, as if to say, "I'm willing to walk, why aren't you?" One Sunday we took him with us when we went on a picnic to Basdio, a barrio across Guindulman Bay. We went by motor banca. Everytime the spray wet him, Mateo crouched lower and lower in the boat. Finally, completely miserable, he climbed in under Anabel's skirt for the rest of the ride. (In size but not spirit Mateo resembled a German shepherd).

When we went into town to shop, he'd bravely come along. There were many unfriendly, mean-looking dogs waiting for him in Central, but he'd put on a show of unconcern, keeping close to us nevertheless. If he strayed too far behind and one of these mongrels attacked him, he'd charge toward us and walk very carefully underneath the basket swinging between us, almost in step as he tried to fake them out. Anabel claimed he was a "people dog" not a "dog-dog."

We'd learn new things about him every day...

(Oct.'62) We've made a startling discovery - Mateo snores!

I really wish I were a photographer able to take pictures of this nutty dog in all the various poses he strikes. He belongs on the stage. The other day we decided to give him a bath, as he must have wallowed in a mud hole shared with a carabao. It was funny, trying to lure him downstairs when he realized what we were about to do. Anabel had a tub full of soapsuds and he didn't like the looks of it. Finally, his owner got him, after we had had all the neighbors and schoolchildren cheering us on as we tried to catch him. She leashed him and brought him over in a much more submissive mood.

He's a coward. He'll run like hell from a fight with other dogs, yet he'll chase chickens and piglets just for the fun of it, and run at 50 miles an hour toward some tiny child, terrifying her, then stop short, inches away, not quite grinning. It's been an experience having him in our household, disrupting everything...

A year after Mateo's appearance, Ming made her entrance. One night after dinner this tiny kitten wandered through our front door and decided to stay, after inducements such as fish heads and milk. Her favorite places seemed to be on top of the ashes on our stove, and Anabel's mosquito net. She turned out to be rather selfish and demanding, and sometimes mean, but always curious...

(Feb.'64) If this paper looks a bit untidy, Ming, out of curiosity, I'm sure, just walked across it. She's presently chewing the keys on my typewriter. She's been watching Anabel type, quite fascinated, pawing at the keys. Perhaps I can enroll her as my next typing student.

Besides Ming and Mateo, there were assorted Mandings (chickens we were fattening) that we kept tied in the back part of the house, and, lastly, Minahal, or Minding, Anabel's horse, which she'd rented.

(Apr.'63) I've ridden a horse! Without the trepidation I feel when "mounting" a bicycle, I climbed into the saddle twice, first time walking only, and the second time, trotting. Only stayed aboard a short time, since I don't want to be sore tomorrow. It was fun, and, although I was cautious, I wasn't afraid. She's a very gentle horse. We haven't been able to convince Inday of that yet. She flatly refused to try. Horses are uncommon in this part of Bohol. The carabao is the only work animal used here.

Minding was a female. During May, before the rainy season, horses were loosed because of lack of grasses on which to feed. We'd be sitting quietly reading, when, all of a sudden, a pack of horses would come galloping through the barrio, enticing Minding to break loose. Anabel was fit to be tied; if Minding did get away, Anabel would have to search up and ^{down} ~~was~~ the barrio for her.

Sometimes she'd break her bonds at night and come up to the house very casually, whinnying for Anabel's attention. With muffled curses, Anabel had to climb out of bed, feed her, and coax her back to the field.

Minding was sold back to her owner; Ming found a new home shortly before we left; only Mateo was left for our final goodbyes.

IN THE BEGINNING...

My rum and rice life is a thriving one, bearing the fruits of contentment and the simple pleasures of white, smiling teeth, Visayan love songs, beautiful babies, nude, frolicking children, sweet and sour, falling coconuts, Filipino poetry, our housegirl's wit, the tame surf, palm trees and San Miguel beer.

Teach every morning, lecture at noon, plan lessons in the afternoon...at night there are music and people and children and occasional chickens who fly in through the windows to keep us company.

We receive a constant stream of invitations. Amabel's becoming an excellent stand-up singer and I'm going for a public speaking degree.

I hope all the welcomes, receptions, parties, dances, picnics and meriendas are over for awhile. Every town mayor, barrio lieutenant, school district supervisor and v.i.p. feels that he has a special claim on us. We're looking forward to the day we can establish some sort of routine and no longer be ~~the~~ objects of curiosity or awe. This may take time.

I'm living the good life - no electricity or gas stove or flush toilet or running water - but, man, I ain't got no Big Brother watching me either.

These are the free days, these are the happy days, basking in the sunshine of children's smiles. They are beautiful, these children. They are children-children, not like the little old men and women knocking their way up and around New York. And they love us. Probably sounds terribly corny, but these people love us, our uneducated neighbors love us, our adopted dog loves us, the serenaders with their simple songs of love place us on a pedestal for adoration.

One can't ignore this adulation when it surrounds you with such intensity. At first, you hate the limelight. Then you grow used to it. Then you accept it. And finally, if it's momentarily neglected, you miss it. The greatest adjustment we'll ever have to face in the Peace Corps is coming back home, where we are no longer heroes, no longer martyrs, no longer the Great White Gods. It's a devastating responsibility being what these people think we are. They think we are industrious. Ergo, we must produce. They think we are clever, ergo we must be brilliant. They think we are beautiful, ergo we must look lovely at all times. Most of all, we must not disappoint the people during our assignment. Like politicians, we must determine what they want of us, and then make them think we are giving it to them, meanwhile sweating over much harder, less glorified tasks.

LETTERS FROM HOME

Madison Avenue is the same as you left it...

...the Cuban situation is very upsetting.

20th Century Fox is reportedly going down the drain, but that doesn't really matter...

Do you wear shoes?

Went to Europe by freighter, a kind of 'floating brothel', but it wasn't really disturbing...

I just want to find a quiet little hole in ~~xx~~ time where I can rest, unthinking and unalive...

Are things civilized?

The damn Dodgers did it again, going into the 9th against the Giants two runs ahead and coming out two runs behind, another pennant lost...

The big news in New York is wigs...

What shrubs are you eating?

Let a smile be your umbrella when the Philippine monsoons start...

Went to Gibraltar, toured the Rock, very boring except for the apes who are always interesting because they do such embarrassing things, hee, hee...

It's hard to believe that my son will not know what the Brooklyn Dodgers were...

What are you doing there?

My husband has no special words of wisdom except best regards and instructions for you to tear down all the missile bases on your island...

The Cuban Mess is over - nobody was really quite sure for a couple of days whether the goddamn rat race was really important. Now back to complacency...

Does it have any reality for you?

We heard about the Cuban invasion at an athletic meet. Many of the male PCV's who were eligible for service received telegrams. The telegrams were supposed to check the rapidity of communications between officedom and the barrio. In case of war.

Excepting the invasion shock, Cuba and Berlin seem so far away. War and peace isn't much of a subject for discussion here, now that the manganese mines near Guindulman are nearly dormant. We've discovered that the Japanese occupied this area for a long time during World War II, many families taking to the hills to survive. They've told us stories about their lives as children, ducking mortars and bullets as they played in the rice fields. So they know more than we of what war is made. So they don't discuss it.

The States are an eon away in time and space. We can sit in shocked silence when we hear of the death of an Eleanor Roosevelt or a Marilyn Monroe. We can become alarmed over a Cuban blockade. We can cheer a Nixon defeat in California. We can note that Ed Albee has a future in the theatre. We can visualize women going ridiculously wild over wigs. We can think about Paris or Prague, Tangier or Templehof, Malaga or Munich beer. But they are apart from us, not in our world, already history, something to read and hear about but not to experience.

I get letters about new babies being born to friends and cousins. We are much too concerned with Jo-Jo, Agnes, Nito, Virgi, Boboy, Dodong, Mimi, Lito, Ale and all the barrio children who are our life here. DNA, thalomid, nuclear test bans - these are not our problems. We are more involved with the problems of running water, sanitary toilets, dysentery, mosquitoes and soil. We read Time and Newsweek several weeks too late, when the news no longer has meaning because it has been supplanted by other news. What is real to us is little children sitting on our floor, making imaginative things with modeling clay; or government and community development officials dropping by to respectfully ask if they can borrow our books; or our friends stopping by to chat or to curse the transportation; or reveling in the year-round sleeveless climate - this is our world, and we live in it, if only temporarily, with relish.

What have you done to make the world peaceful today?

It is becoming more and more apparent to us complacent but nervous people back here at Ground Zero that somebody better do something...

People are wearing vacant looks and muttering things like:
'Eisenhower should of bombed Cuba in '59 and Truman should of
bombed Russia in '49' and like that...

I do hope you have a nice Thanksgiving with all the goodies...

Do any of your students collect stamps?

It is springtime now in the Antarctic - my God, we've gotten
a long way away from off-Broadway and Madison Avenue...

Things are about the same around here, people coming and
going, lots of big think sessions, sound and fury personified...

Did you hear that Herman Hesse died?

Sitting here in our sterile offices on 5th Avenue we think
of Bohol as being the ass-end of the earth...

Prague is a very drab city. Whatever is Ruski Modern is
functional and wretched-looking; whatever is old is exquisite...

The Germans are so Rabelaisian, their appetites so
gargantuan, the abundance in the stores so overwhelming...

Has your concept of good changed?

While you is sweltering in de jungle, we here is freezing
off our asses in de frigid New York weather...

Hate my job, hate my co-workers, hate, hate, hate...

Love and remembrances from your fat, skin-troubled, money-
problemmed, many-chinned, dandruff-ridden, nail-bitten friend...

SCHOOL LIFE: IN AND OUT OF THE CLASSROOM

The Elementary School System

Although we eventually became involved with other schools and other teachers, we were originally assigned to two barrio elementary schools. Canhaway Elementary School was a larger, more progressive school, with its eleven teachers, than the Guinacot Elementary School, with six teachers. Canhaway, because of its nearness, was closer in spirit, too, than Guinacot, almost two kilometers away. This was bound to happen. We lived in barrio Canhaway and our students there were also our neighbors.

John Kenneth Galbraith^{*} has said that a hydroelectric power project is much easier to launch than a sound system of elementary education. How true, especially for Peace Corps Volunteers in one corner of the world. But we were determined to "learn the kids English." Battles might rage in Manila newspapers about whether English should be taught at all on the elementary level; if English should be taught from the first grade instead of the third, as at present; if English grammar should be sacrificed to the new second language teaching methods...ad nauseum. We had our opinions but rarely paid lip service to them, at least during the school day, which began before 7:30 am and ended around 5 pm.

Canhaway was not a typical school. Hugo Peligrino was not a typical principal - which explains the reason the school was accorded a good deal of respect by Bureau of Public School officials. In addition to Mr. Peligrino, there were Mr. & Mrs. Abrenilla in 5th and 6th grades; Mrs. Bonita Besinga, 5th; Mrs. Cristeta Ranario, 4th grade; Mr. Protasio Olano, combined 3rd and 4th grades; Miss Macaria Granada, 3rd; Mrs. Socorro Peligrino and Mrs. Marcella Dupit, 2nd grade; and Miss Herculana Ramos and Mrs. Leona Bonita, 1st grade.

Teachers' salaries vary according to educational qualifications and years of teaching experience and are lower, relatively, than their U.S. counterparts, yet much greater demands are made on them. Although books are supplied by the government, many supplementary reading materials must be furnished by teachers. Also, since so many families cannot afford them, school supplies such as pencils, crayons and paper often have to be provided by the teacher. Each teacher buys his own chalk, his own teaching aids and devices, his own particular science equipment and his own classroom decorations, including pictures, maps and printed placards required by the BPS. Teaching staffs at individual schools must bear the expenses for playground apparatus, building repairs, school beautification (concrete sidewalks, fences, extensions) and frequent entertaining of visiting officials.

Take-home pay is relatively less, too, with deductions for government insurance, retirement pay, PPSTA (^{Philippine}~~Philippine~~ Public School Teachers Association) and death aid, among others.

Filipino children, as well, are asked to make various contributions such as to Junior and Senior Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scout Funds and Anti-Tuberculosis drives. Since, again, they're often unable to afford the few centavos required, the teacher assumes the payments in lieu of chores done by the individual pupil on the schoolgrounds or in the teacher's home.

Not all barrio schools offer a complete elementary education. Many are primary schools reaching the 4th grade level, with sometimes only two teachers handling all four grades in a two-room ~~classroom~~ schoolhouse. That is why Canhaway appeared grand, though, they, too, complained of a shortage of teachers for their enrollment.

Demetrio Berou headed the teaching staff at Guinacot, a complete six-grades school with a lesser enrollment of under 200 pupils. Mrs. Irene Bernaldez was in charge of 6th grade; Mrs. Juliana Simogan, 5th; Mr. Berou, 4th; Miss Flor de Liza Castrodes, ~~4th~~ 3rd grade; Mrs. Gorgonio Escleto, 2nd and Mrs. Dolores Bayron, 1st grade. The Guinacot school was not as renowned as our barrio school, yet, because it had its own individual problems, it had its separate and distinct challenges - and rewards for us.

In the beginning, Anabel and I alternated daily between the two schools; the following January we decided to alternate on a weekly basis for continuity in presenting a particular lesson or demonstration and for concentration in certain classes with certain teachers.

Our school day began shortly after 6 am, with ^{breakfast} prepared by Inday between 6:30 and 7:00. The 7:30 bell announced the flag-raising ceremony and pledge of allegiance, and at 7:45, classes officially began, dismissing for lunch at 11:25. Two hours later, afternoon classes commenced. Both the sun and the flag began their descent around 5 p.m.

(Nov. '62) Up at sixish. If I'm going to Guinacot, I descend 350 meters to the provincial road, hoping for a truck, otherwise I walk, since I never could learn to ride a bicycle properly. I teach or observe in two or three classes before recess at 9:35, ten minutes in which to soothe my hoarse throat, sore from having to teach in classrooms divided by thin partitions that don't reach the ceilings. After the last morning class, there's usually a half hour or so meeting with one or more teachers, on either the morning's lessons or second-language methods. In English, Anabel concentrates on pronunciation while I shoot off my mouth on methods.

Home, by truck or foot, for lunch. Afternoons, two classes at most, with much of the time devoted to preparing visual aids, (illustrating, tracing, coloring, painting, cutting-out, pasting), making cardboard zoos or paper airplanes, testing experiments, printing charts for classroom or library, writing lesson plans, reading, people-watching, occasional shopping, or just sitting on our steps getting to know our neighbors. Depending on how early the sun sets, we have dinner at 6 or at 7:30, or somewhere in-between. After dinner, more lesson plans, accompanied by serenaders, plus visitors, impromptu clowning, moonlight strolls or talk. To bed at 9 or 10 or 11, or somewhere in-between.

English as a Second Language

At first, we experimented with second-language methods taught in training...

(Sept, '62) In first-grade English I might be using our portable tape recorder. Once the children get over the fascination of hearing their own voices, it proves to be a good tool for work on pronunciation. They can't hear themselves mispronounce most times, but when I play back the tape, they realize they aren't saying a word or phrase the same way I am.

Then, in second grade, we might play Follow the Leader, to teach the "ing" form of the verb, i.e., "I'm walking, I'm running, I'm jumping, I'm twisting." An American teacher would think I look pretty funny dancing or hopping in front of the classroom, but it's all part of the ~~mime~~ method.

In other grades I work on sentence patterns, intonation and rhythm exercises...

Up in Tubigon, Mary Ryan perfected one method of approach, which she described in an issue of Ang Boluntaryo, the Peace Corps, Philippines publication.

Mary wrote: "We had a delightful and fascinating professor in training...after the third lesson, he lost me behind a barricade of circles, triangles, rectangles and the full color spectrum.

Then one day I was delivering one of my "profound" talks to a large assembly of first and second grade teachers. I was there despite my best judgement and my impassioned pleas of ignorance. Out of my large, somewhat naive mouth came suggestions on how to help children build sentences. The technique I was advocating involved having children draw pictures on the board, then soliciting the class for a sentence to describe the picture. Since this would, of necessity, be the most rudimentary sentence, the teacher would then supply an adjective and write it on the board. The children would be asked to incorporate the adjective into the sentence.

...I had never taught first or second grade. In any case, a very nervous teacher struggled to her feet and dropped the bomb. "What do you do," she queried, "when the children can't read?"

Was I on the spot! This minor matter had never crossed my theory-loving mind. But be it said to my everlasting credit, I did not disgrace the Stars and Stripes. I grabbed hold of the rather shadowy shirt-tails of that learned professor earlier mentioned and replied, "You work with color."

When I got ~~to~~ my perspiring anatomy home, I had a heart to heart with myself and decided that, in the interests of education, I owed it to my teachers to find out what I was talking about.

...Anyway, here's how it works. Write on the board, using yellow chalk: beautiful, thin, old, sweet, red, blue, tired, large, etc. As you're writing, ask the class to call out similar words.

In the next column, write in green chalk, words like carabao, horse, sister, boy, etc. Have the class contribute.

In the lower grades particularly, spend some time explaining that green words are things you can touch, see, etc., then move on to the idea that yellow words cannot be seen or touched, but they do talk about green words.

Now put two lines on the board (yellow, green). The first line is yellow, the second green. Ask the class to give you a yellow green. Spend some time going around the class getting different combinations. Then put two yellow lines and a green line (yellow yellow green) on the board. Get the class to give you this pattern. When this is fully understood, tell them. 'You see we can use two or more yellow words to talk about a green word. Can we use two or more green words to talk about a yellow word?'

Some in the class will say 'yes'. Single out one of these (pick out an aggressive one) and ask him to give you a green yellow. Suppose he says big flower duck. Ask him to come to the board and draw it. He'll draw a duck and a flower. Then you draw a duck-flower, putting the picture of the duck where the blossom should be.

This is funny and if you handle it right, will not embarrass the child. Additionally it serves to point up the difference between horse and flower and horse-flower.

When this concept is understood, you move to substitution drills. Have a student give you a yellow green. Then move quickly through the class: "Change the yellow, change the green, etc." Example -beautiful horse. Change the yellow - big horse. Change the green - big carabao. As soon as they understand, close the curtain over the words and make them do it without a visual aid.

Next, class write 'my, your, our, their, his, her, the, a, an' in white chalk and draw a circle at the top of the column. Tell them these are circle (O) words, and that a circle word always

means a green word is coming. Example: My carabao, your mother. Show how even if a yellow word intervenes, a green word will come. Example: My good friend, his little sister, your big house, etc. Have a pronunciation drill on circle words, then draw your pattern O yellow green. Have the class fill the pattern and conduct substitution drills: change the green word, change the yellow word, change the O word, etc.

When this is solidified, move on to prepositional phrases. On the board write, 'In the tree, over the fence, behind the house, near the river, by the stream,' using red chalks. Now move quickly around the class pointing to individual students as you say, in rhythm, over the _____, by the _____, near the _____, on _____, at, by, and finally just pointing with no prompting.

I don't know why, but children love prepositional phrases. They jump out of their seats to answer. When everyone is participating, close the curtain and continue. Then put a O yellow, green, red pattern on the board. By now you should be swinging. It's a game and everybody wants to play, so, on to verbs.

I used white chalk and, in column form, wrote play, sing, write, read, love, go, jump, etc. At the top of the column I placed a large V. In the next column I placed a Vs and underneath wrote plays, writes, sings, reads, loves, goes, jumps. Then we played with this. I put O yellow green Vs and the class filled the pattern with things like 'the thin boy jumps'. By adding an s to the green word and changing Vs to V we got 'the thin boys jump.'

Next step is Ved. Again I wrote, in column form, played, jumped, loved, and then the irregular forms, wrote, sang, spoke. Now make lots of patterns:

- 1) O yellow green Ved red
- 2) O yellow yellow green Vs

3) Red, O yellow green (s) V

4) O yellow green Vs red

Move from this to Ving - singing, laughing, jumping. Incorporate into patterns. Now you're ready for helper verbs.

vVing - is singing, was singing

vV - can sing, could sing, would sing

vVed - had sung, has worked

vvVed - has been gone, had been gone

vvVing - will be going, could be going

Add these various forms in your full pattern structures utilizing reds, greens, yellows and circles.

...Now is a good time to hold a class in reverse order. One of the liveliest sixth grade classes I had resulted from this approach.

I started with green Vs green, the most basic English sentence. After getting class response to this pattern, I wrote on the board: 'Boy loves girl'. Now I told the class, we'll see how words build stories. Before 'Boy' and before 'Girl' I added a circle.

O boy loves O girl

A student gave me, 'The boy loves the girl.' Then I added two yellow lines: one before boy and one before girl in the following pattern: 'The yellow boy loves the yellow girl.' I asked the class to supply the yellow words.

Someone called out, 'the handsome boy loves the beautiful girl'. We continued to build our story. I picked up the red chalk and inserted 'the handsome boy red loves the beautiful girl red.' A student responded with 'the handsome boy in the house loves the beautiful girl in the market.'

My next move was to get a bunch of pictures, and after putting a pattern on the board the class was asked to describe the pictures.

They did a beautiful job and many students who previously hesitated to verbalize took great delight in producing complex and absolutely correct sentences.

Tomorrow we move on to adverbs. Instead of continuing with colors, I'll probably introduce another symbol, maybe triangles. I can't tell you how much further I'll get, but I can assure you that teachers and children have maintained a remarkably high level of interest."

Mary's "colorful classes" were only one of the many second-language methods imitated, revised, molded or copied to fit the varied situations we faced. I found myself leaning more toward the creative dramatics approach...

(Nov.'62) This morning I used the play form again with my 6th graders at Canhaway. Took them out onto the outdoor stage and had them act out scenes from "Ali Baba" and the Forty Thieves." I think reading dialogue is much more effective for them in ^{spoken} learning English than just reading a story in a book. These children are terribly inhibited about expressing themselves in English. The play form is one way of improving both their aptitude and their interest in the language. Reading dialogue also helps intonation. There are difficulties - boys and girls don't sit with each other, rarely talk to each other, don't walk together and giggle when they have to speak lines to each other. It can be frustrating, but they are beginning to respond and that's all I care about...

As another Volunteer, Nancy Jeffers, wrote, "Almost all children love to pretend. It is fascinating to watch them at play for they can be anyone, go any place, do anything. The Filipino child is no exception...he is imaginative and spontaneous in his

actions.....These same children in the classroom (are) quiet, shy and frightened of self-expression...(How) to help these children unleash their freedom and spontaneity in the classroom situation." Both Nancy and I decided to try some work in creative dramatics.

Lately, I've concentrated my efforts on the brightest students in the 4th, 5th and 6th grades, most of whom will be in the children's play I'm putting on for Christmas. This is the most challenging theatrical venture I've ever been involved with...

"Ding-Dong Bell" was an adventure. I remember writing to Anabel, who was in Cebu taking her Cebuano course, that "things go at schisto^{*} pace. I've already had two drop-outs and one replacement. Everyone always admires my industriousness in getting things done, but nobody imitates it."

I wrote a report of my involvement with "Ding-Dong Bell" for Ang Boluntaryo. The description follows, in full:

"DING DONG BELL"

A Three-Act Comic Fantasy With Music

Before leaving the States I bought a number of children's plays and an excellent book entitled, Stories for Creative Acting. I hoped that they would be useful tools in the classroom, and they have been. Once a week, in both my fifth and sixth grade English classes, I've held a fifty-minute 'drama' on the outdoor stage, choosing plays with many characters to give as many children as possible an opportunity to participate. Of course, they only 'walked through' the play, holding the books in their hands. The children coveted their roles, and it gave me the chance to work on pronunciation, enunciation, intonation and, most important, expression. From these weekly sessions came the idea of doing a full-length play. No Broadway director I, the next ^{six} ~~few~~ weeks were often punishing, but...

* Schistosomiasis - snail fever

"Ding Dong Bell" was ideal in many ways - there were many animal characters, a cat crawling around the stage who loses her tail, a frog coming out of a wishing well, a parrot flapping his wings around the stage, a donkey who he-hawed; plus a pirate's chase into a magic treasure chest, a visit to the moon with Blinky Dink, Mrs. Blinky and the Howly Wows, and Santa Claus coming in at the end of Act III to give it the Christmas touch.

I rewrote any lines that were American slang or expressions indigenous to our culture that could not be easily understood, as well as making changes when the actors had difficulties with a particular phrase or sentence. To make the project less impossible, I named my household helper Assistant Director to explain in Visayan when I wasn't able to express myself clearly enough to the children in English. It was the smartest move I made. She was (and is) invaluable, as she had both the respect and the confidence of the children.

There were thirty-two children involved. (Since I teach at both the Guinacot and Canhaway Elementary Schools on alternate days, children from both schools were in the play during each of the two performances, making rehearsals somewhat hysterical from a physical point of view). In an attempt to delegate responsibility, (largely wishful thinking), I asked the teachers at Canhaway to provide the costumes, and the Guinacot teachers to do the sets and provide stage effects, got a business manager, ticket staff, stage manager and songwriter for the ^hymes in the play that could be set to music. I did my own publicity, using the Bohol Chronicle, radio station DYRD in Tagbilaran, the Bureau of Public Schools, the local PTA, Post Office and the barrio lieutenants, plus personal contacts.

What started as a part of a future Christmas program became a tour de force for the prestige of the principal at Canhaway, and I was forced to aim for a perfection that neither the children nor I desired or could possibly achieve. I was primarily interested in seeing the effects of working closely with a select group of children for six weeks, but I wasn't allowed to run the show at the kind of relaxed pace I wanted.

The children, themselves, were the greatest challenge; but in the final harrowing weeks, they were also my greatest strength. To see them grow, to see them develop, to see understanding in place of initial confusion, to see enthusiasm where before there was only a puzzling anxiety - that made every minute worth it.

My primary goal was the intonation, with pronunciation a strong second. The children's acting ability was encouraged only for the purposes of comprehension, and I violated many theatrical tenets by having them imitate me. I may have had little professional dignity left after crawling around the stage like a cat, or kicking my heels up in the air like a donkey, but the cast and the always-interested onlookers became much less shy of me. I know these children now as individuals and they know me. There was and is affection and warmth in our relationships.

I hope to continue this by holding informal weekly sessions at the house with about a dozen children, speaking only in English. I believe that some of the best work with these children can be done outside the classroom, within the framework of the school situation and during school hours, but away from the classroom.

Not all our time that first year was spent in the barrio classroom. Peace Corps, Manila, arranged a series of workshops, with both Volunteers and Filipino co-teachers as participants.

Because of the dearth of reading materials in English in the Filipino classroom, I signed up for a workshop on Adapting and Using Children's Literature, taking with me Flor Castrodos, 3rd grade teacher at Guinacot, who was 22, had little experience, but ambitious and sharp.

(Mar.'63) I have been to many conferences in the past and will most likely be going to many more in the future, but I don't think either of us will forget this one for a long time. The site of the workshop was Ayala, a barrio about 18 kilometers from Zamboanga City, Mindanao, present Peace Corps headquarters in the southern islands. The house fronts the sea; it has individually screened rooms, comfortable bunk beds and a veranda running alongside the rooms facing the sea. We met PCV's from all over the Philippines with their teachers and compared notes. All together, there were about thirty of us.

I expected it to be the usual kind of conference, all talk and little action. Was I wrong! The boy running the show stood up after dinner on Friday night about 7 p.m., smiled, and said he expected each pair of us to write, illustrate and mimeograph a complete children's book by 10 a.m. on Sunday morning! We looked at poor Len as though he were nuts, but, as it was, it turned out to be one of the most challenging experiences most of us had been confronted with creatively. Few people knew how to write and less knew how to draw, but the results proved that, even in the Philippines, it can be done.

Flor and I turned out "The Troubles of Tomas", four one-act plays about a Filipino Tom Sawyer type, using ~~situations~~ characters drawn from my barrio friends, and situations with familiar settings. I began writing Saturday morning right after breakfast, and, by lunchtime, had written three of the plays -

one of the most productive mornings I guess I'll ever have, children's plays or adult plays. The fourth was harder - it was Flor's idea, therefore less free flowing. The illustrations were mostly hers, although I did some drawings. When it was all over, most every teacher wanted a copy of our work and I suppose I was pleased. Any outsider walking in on that group would have had to be impressed with the scene - pairs, small groups or loners quietly attempting to lessen the dearth of classroom literature in this country.

Night School

(July '63) While everyone in the States is preparing for summer vacations, I've just completed my first week back in school after our vacation, seeing the new, wide-eyed first-graders, renewing old acquaintances and again coping with teachers' pronunciation problems. It's been a busy week of lesson plans, pattern drills, meeting teachers during lunch hours for conferences, then sitting down at night helping assorted high school students in our barrio with their homework. Pedie Mapang has started high school in Guindulman and Inday is going back to finish 6th grade, so we'll be helping them, and others, with their lessons at night.

Inday will be excused from the work education and some home economics classes, since she has 'a little' practical experience. Our friend Mr. Abrenilla is Inday's teacher. None of the 6th graders are laughing at her; most of them are fighting to share her desk. Mr. A. has smilingly advised her not to smoke in class or wear shorts. Inday solemnly promised him she won't sleep during his lectures. The Mapang and Abrenilla families are quite close. Inday calls Mr.A. by his nickname, Esiong, although, of

course, she plans to call him 'Sir' at school.

It's a challenge to both these young people to return to school at their ages, but maybe because of us, it has become fashionable to be attending school. Several teenagers hereabouts are going back after a several year hiatus, no longer ashamed, and anxious to continue their studies. Anabel and I are pleased with Pedie and Inday's serious intentions; we hope to help them through high school, knowing that they'll contribute much to their town, given the chance to educate themselves. So now I'm trying to remember my mathematics and algebra. Actually, Inday as a student will be a great help in my planning lessons in 6th grade English and Science...

I soon became much more involved with the 6th grade than I had expected. Up to then, my time was divided between demonstrations of a method in second language and observation of the teachers utilizing the demonstrations in their classes. But in the new school year, the sixth grade was overflowing with 54 students, and the English class, scheduled at 4 p.m., was a shambles, since the teacher (not Mr.A.) lacked control over the class. Inday swore she'd quit school before going to another confused grammar session where those things she'd learned from us were being contradicted and twisted out of context. So, with the cooperation of Mr.Peligrino, Mr. Abrenilla, and the District Supervisor, Mr. Bunado, I took 22 students permanently for a daily, regularly scheduled class. Most of the students I chose, including Inday, were better-than-average pupils who were willing to learn; a few even had a ~~shame~~ faint hope of going on to high school, which is why I picked them.

(Sept.'63) It's quite a different thing coming into a class regularly for demonstration purposes, and being a permanent teacher, with responsibilities in testing, grading, etc. And I'm laboring under a handicap. You see, the BPS has provided new teachers' guides through Grade V; we've been primarily concerned with showing the teachers how to use them. But there's no 6th grade guide as yet, so I'm forced to improvise, using the other guides and adapting their methods to fit the 6th grade course of study. I must manufacture a one-hour lesson in English five days a week that will stretch the abilities of my class. Since I refuse to explain assignments and reading materials in Visayan, which other teachers do, my students are somewhat insecure and unsure of themselves reacting to my new methods. Fortunately we have good rapport and seem willing to put up with each other's mistakes. It requires long hours for me to master a point of grammar sufficiently to simplify its presentation to the class using second language methods.

Rumore got back to me last week that several of my students are worried about their grades. Now I really feel on the other side of the fence, giving and not receiving. Speaking of grades, Inday got the highest average in the school for the first grading and Pedie did very well on his first periodical tests. Inday is my best student in English, which is natural, I suppose, since she's been so much more exposed to spoken English than her classmates, but she does sweat over my exams since she feels she must get top grades.

Most teachers write tests on the blackboard during class time, which gives students every opportunity to cheat, as well as depriving them of understanding and following written and verbal directions, but the teachers have so little time. I'm able to take the time to type, with carbons, individual test papers, which Inday

and her classmates can keep for review purposes. I seem to be spending more time preparing for this class than all the others combined...

This daily experience with the 6th grade readied me for a Second Language Workshop organized by Anabel in 1964. While I had the 6th, Anabel had taken over Mr. Olano's 4th grade English, also on a permanent basis. So many 5th and 6th grade teachers, lacking guides, were at a loss as how to best adapt to the new methods. So Anabel, second-language expert Inday Peligrino and I, assisted by Caridad Peligrino, Mark Summers and Ron Hall, held this seminar for teachers from all grades, representing Guindulman's sixteen barrio schools. Concentrating on the upper grades, I presented the following demonstration:

SIXTH GRADE: USE OF A STORY AND DIALOGUE

Aim - The course of study for English in Grade Six specifically advises the teaching of the newspaper - its construction, makeup, purposes and personnel. Today's first lesson concerns some of the people who work on a newspaper or magazine. It is taken from the following guide: Learning English as a Second Language, Phoenix Series.

Background - Throughout the unit, for both vocabulary and spelling, use terms the students should be familiar with, such as advertisement, interview, announcement, headline, feature, entertainment, front page, by-line, caption, etc., as well as those words included in today's lesson. Besides preparing the cut-outs of the parts of a newspaper for the flannel board, each student can keep his own folder on the various parts of the newspaper, as he learns about each in class. Magazines and newspapers such as the Bohol Chronicle, Free Press and Bisaya can be made available.

As the class begins to understand the principles of a news

story, have them read and analyze a "Pathways to Reading"^{*} story from a newspaper point of view. For pronunciation, you can use vowel sounds in headline form, for example: Nacionalistas Beat Liberals; Jeep Hits Child; Man Bit by Dog; Wheat Prices Dip.

Using the unit on newspapers as a format, you can cover question sentences, negative sentences, quotations, complete sentences, tenses, agreement of subject and verb, kinds of sentences and different correct usage forms.

TODAY'S LESSON

Spelling and Vocabulary: staff, editor-in-chief, assignments, articles, editorial, artist, reporters, typist, columnist, photographer, copyreader, deadline

Story

The editor-in-chief (give) out the assignments. He (set) the deadline for submitting articles. He (turn) down all those which aren't good. He (edit) those which he accepts. He also (write) the editorials. ~~He~~

The Tagalog editor (take) care of the Tagalog section.

Reporters (gather) news items. They (report) all important school events.

The sports writer (watch) games. He (record) the results of the games. Then he (write) sports stories.

The staff artist (draw) pictures. He (illustrate) the stories and poems. He sometimes (make) cartoons and comic strips.

The typist (type) the articles after they have been edited.

The members (attend) staff meetings to get new ideas from the adviser.

After reviewing agreement of subject and verb, I would check the student's comprehension by asking several to name some of the staff members of a newspaper and the actions they perform.

* Sixth-grade reader.

Before continuing, see if they recognize the action words as the predicate of the sentence.

- ex. Q. Name one staff member of a newspaper.
A. The editor-in-chief.
Q. Name an action he performs.
A. gives out the assignments.
Q. Is that phrase the complete subject or predicate?
A. complete predicate
Q. What is the simple action or simple predicate?
A. gives
Q. Name another action done by the editor.
A. sets the deadline for submitting articles.
Q. What part of the sentence is that phrase?
A. complete predicate
Q. What is the simple action or simple predicate?
A. sets
Q. What is another word for a simple action introducing a predicate?
A. verb

Finally getting the students to stand up and use English is the ultimate goal of every lesson I present. In today's lesson, I'm interested in having the students make up both questions and answers about the above story, following the pattern set. First, the responses will be in the present tense, following that tense used in the story. Afterwards, the past tense, future tense and present progressive tenses can be introduced.

Teacher: What does the editor-in-chief give out? Repeat.
Class: What does the editor-in-chief give out?
Teacher: He gives out the assignments.
Class: He gives out the assignments.
Teacher: What does the editor-in-chief give out? Repeat, Mario.
Mario: What does the editor-in-chief give out?
Aida: He gives out the assignments.

Teacher: What does the editor set? Repeat.
Class: What does the editor set?
Teacher: He sets the deadline for submitting articles.
Class: He sets the deadline for submitting articles.
Teacher: What does the editor set? Repeat, Daniel.
Daniel: What does the editor set?
Evelyn: He sets the deadline for submitting articles.

Teacher: What does the editor turn down? Repeat, Lidio.
Lidio: What does the editor turn down.
Aniceta: He turns down all those which aren't good.
Teacher: Repeat the question, Marina.
Marina: What does the editor turn down?
Felonila: He turns down all those which aren't good.

Teacher: Now make a question about the next sentence, Longina.

Longina: What does the editor edit?

Teacher: Class, repeat.

Class: What does the editor edit?

Teacher: Answer, Clementino.

Clementino: He edits those which he accepts.

Teacher: Class, repeat.

Class: He edits those which he accepts.

Teacher: Next question, Anita.

Anita: What does the editor write?

Teacher: Answer, Cristeta.

Cristeta: He writes editorials.

Teacher: Next, Roman.

Roman: What does the ~~editor~~ Tagalog editor take care of?

Teacher: Answer, Gabina.

Gabina: He takes care of the Tagalog section.

Teacher: Remember, that with questions, also, there must be agreement between subject and verb. Now, repeat,
What do reporters do?

Class: What do reporters do?

Teacher: They gather news items.

Class: They gather news items.

Teacher: What do they report? Repeat, Trinidad.

Trinidad: What do they report?

Teacher: Answer, Amalia.

Amalia: They report all important school events.

Teacher: Repeat the question and answer, Ceresia.

Ceresia: What do they report? They report all important school events.

Teacher: Remember, when you're talking about one person only, use does following the question word 'What?' When you're talking about more than one person, use do following the question word 'What?'

Teacher: Next question, Aniceta. Ask your classmate for an answer.

Aniceta: What does the sports writer watch? Daniel?

Daniel: He watches games.

Veneranda: What does he record?

Carmelita: He records ~~games~~ the results of games.

Vivencia: What does he write?

Lidio: He writes sports stories.

Estrella: What does the staff artist draw?

Eufrasia: The staff artist draws pictures.

Evelyn: What does he illustrate?

Longina: He illustrates stories and poems.

Marina: What does he make?

Roman: He sometimes makes cartoons and comic strips.

Anita: What does the typist do?

Aida: The typist types the articles after they have been edited.

Felonila: What do the members attend?

Gabina: The members attend staff meetings.

NEXT LESSONS: (Past) What did the editor give out yesterday?
(Fut.) What will the editor set tomorrow?
(P.Pr.) What is the editor writing now?

The last section we discussed regarding the newspaper was the Employment Opportunities or Job Wanted Section. I explained how a newspaper can help a person get a job, either by writing a letter of application or through the personal interview. To help them understand the interview, I wrote a typical dialogue situation and had them act out the parts. Eventually, I would follow-up with their next formal theme - a letter of application.

Aim - The dialogue emphasizes sentence construction, habits of intonation, polite speech and a situation that a student may possibly face in the future.

Spelling and Vocabulary: previous weeks

profession, medical, lawyer, nursing, businessman, pharmacist, salesgirl, midwife, supervisor, conductor, messenger, banking, housemaid, literary, employee, employer

TODAY'S LESSON - spelling and vocabulary
application, appointment, courteous, experience, neatness, appearance, promptness, punctuality, personnel, vacancy

DIALOGUE: Secretary, Applicant, Employer

APPLICANT: Good morning. I read the advertisement in The Manila Times that said there is a vacancy here.

SECRETARY: Yes, we have a vacancy in our typing department. Will you please fill out this application for my files?
Do you want to apply as a typist?

APPLICANT: Yes, my schooling included one year of typing.

SECRETARY: Good. I will make an appointment for you with my employer. Please return at 9 a.m. tomorrow morning.
And be prompt!

EMPLOYER: Did you interview a new applicant this morning?

SECRETARY: Yes, sir, I made an appointment for tomorrow morning.

EMPLOYER: What is your recommendation?

SECRETARY: She was very neat in her appearance and very courteous.

EMPLOYER: Does she have much experience?

SECRETARY: No. Her schooling only included one year of typing.

EMPLOYER: Is that all?

SECRETARY: She also did some typing when she was a helper.

EMPLOYER: Let me read her application.

APPLICANT: Good morning, sir, I have kept my appointment to apply for the vacancy in your typing department.

EMPLOYER: I'm pleased with your punctuality. Now I would like to ask you some questions. What is your full name?

APPLICANT: My name is _____

EMPLOYER: Where do you live?
APPLICANT: I live _____
EMPLOYER: How old are you?
APPLICANT: I'm _____
EMPLOYER: When were you born?
APPLICANT: I was born on _____
EMPLOYER: What elementary school did you attend?
APPLICANT: I attended _____
EMPLOYER: Where did you go to high school?
APPLICANT: I went to _____
EMPLOYER: How long did you study typing?
APPLICANT: I studied _____
EMPLOYER: When were you a helper?
APPLICANT: I was a helper _____
EMPLOYER: What salary did you receive?
APPLICANT: I received _____
EMPLOYER: How fast can you type?
APPLICANT: I can type _____

After reading and acting out the dialogue, it's expected that the students will take parts without benefit of script; they'll be especially encouraged to improvise in the last part of the dialogue.

These, then, were several more of the methods we employed to induce our students to speak and use English.

The "Troubles of Tomas" kept me busy at Guinacot late in '63. Flor Castrodos and I decided to present the four one-act plays written at the Ayala Workshop, for Parents' Day.

Both students and teachers were involved in this production. Flor herself, portrayed Flora, the sari-sari store owner in the script; Mr. Berou played the barrio lieutenant; Mrs. Bernaldez was an elementary school teacher (typecasting); Mrs. Bayron played the mother of Tomas and Mrs. Escleto took the part of an old grandmother. Since Mrs. Simogan was pregnant during rehearsals, she didn't have a part. Caring Olaer, Inday's cousin, substituted for Mrs. Simogan, but wasn't around long enough to take a part.

The other roles were all played by the children - another frantic period of rehearsals, frustrations, dilemmas and heat, and this time without benefit of Inday's assistance.

"The Troubles of Tomas" comprised a cast of characters familiar to a barrio scene, with Tomas, his friends Digus Pelinio, Tim Lim, Tony Berou, Pedie Peligrino, Sotero Luna and worst enemy, Narcisso Bersaluna; Inday Berou, barrio tomboy; Lolita Sacati, barrio girl; Lim, a town merchant; Father Castro; Serapion Miana and Gregorio Bernaldez, landowners; Ramie, Ale and Pesiong, brother and sisters of Tomas, and Old Benito, a poor fool, plus the aforementioned characters played by the teachers.

The time ~~was~~ is the present and all the action takes place in and around Flora's sari-sari store in barrio "Canacot."

Following are excerpts from the four plays:

FIRE IN THE RICE FIELD

TOMAS: My name is Tomas Granada. I'm fifteen years old. I don't like being fifteen years old. Sus, I can't catch butterflies anymore because I'm too old. And I can't be a boxer because I'm too young. There's nothing to do in this barrio.

DIGUS: Hey, Tomas, let's go into Central. There's a cockfight this afternoon.

TOMAS: Whose cocks?

DIGUS: Tenente Amora's old fighter is one. Narcisso is betting his father's tough bird against everyone.

TOMAS: (not noticing Narcisso) Ah, Narcisso doesn't know anything about the cocks.

NARCISSO: I heard that Tomas. I'll split your head with a bolo.

TOMAS: (picking up bamboo stick) Come over here and talk louder with your boasts.

(Ale and Pesiong run up to the boys)

ALE: Tomas, Digus, Narcisso, hurry. Old Benito has run amok - he's burning the rice fields of Serapion Miana. The whole harvest will be lost.

NARCISSO: I'm glad to hear that, Ale. Miana takes 50% of my father's harvest. Let's see how he likes being hungry for once.

(Tomas walks around in front of the store with hands in pockets, thinking)

TOMAS: My father gives 50% also. But think of all that rice burning. Our barrio will suffer, not Serapion Miana. He has many coconut trees. Better to fight him with my fists for his meanness than let rice burn.
(whistles)
Come on, Digus, let's round up the boys.
(Tony, Sotero, Tim and Pedie appear)

NARCISSO: Oh, look at all the brave fire fighters running off to save Miana's rice. I know that he will thank all of you by taking 60% next year for the rice he's losing today.

TIM: Go to your cockfight, Narcisso. (to Tomas) Tomas, there's an artesian well near the fields, by the junction road. Your sisters can bring pails and bottles.

TONY: I don't know why we're helping that mean old man but if you say so, Tomas, we'll go.

TOMAS: Alright now, let's go.

NARCISSO: (shouts after them) May the heat of the fire blacken you into Negritos.

The boys are instrumental in putting out the fire. Both Flora and the priest convince Miana that he should help start a carpentry business so the boys can learn a trade instead of hanging around the barrio.

A CHICKEN THIEF

(Teniente Amora is speaking to a group in front of Flora's)

TENENTE: Friends, we have to do something about this chicken stealing. For three nights, chickens have been stolen from Tim Lim's father...

BERNALDEZ: Why haven't any chickens been stolen from other people's yards, ~~years~~, Teniente?

NARCISSO: Better to steal from the Chinese than from poor Filipinos.

TIM LIM: Hoy, Narcisso, you have no right to say that.

NARCISSO: (grabbing Tim's arm) I don't like you. Your father robs us of our pesos.

TOMAS: (pushing Narcisso away) Stop, Narcisso. Tim Lim is not your match. Fight me instead. (They begin to push and fight each other.)

TEACHER: Wait, now, both of you. This is not the Araneta. You don't get paid for blackening your eyes with fists.

BERNALDEZ: Boys don't settle things in the classroom manner with words.

TEACHER: Gorio Bernaldez, you like a good fight too well.

BERNALDEZ: What else can I do for pleasure? I'm too old to fight myself.

TENENTE: Never mind, never mind. We're talking about chicken stealing, not boxing. Tim, how many chickens have been taken?

TIM: Four, tenente. My father is now building a pen so the chickens cannot wander and be caught.

BERNALDEZ: Ah, it is hard to catch a chicken thief, Tenente. Lim will have to watch out for himself.

TIM: But my father needs help, Tenente. He's too old to chase thieves.

NARCISSEO: And you are too weak and afraid to show your face.

DIGUS: Why can't you be quiet, Narcisso?

NARCISSEO: Hah! Lim is now feeding some poor Filipino family whose credit is no longer good at his store, only he's not doing it gracefully.

TOMAS: Perhaps you're talking about your family, Narcisso?

NARCISSEO: (jumps toward Tomas) I'll break your head...

TEACHER: (comes between them) Now, stop. We can organize a committee who would watch the Lim house at night. Each member could stay one hour until the next took over.

TENENTE: And who will be on this committee? I am too busy with more important things. I can't stay up all night. How about you, Bernaldez?

BERNALDEZ: And who will watch my house? Ask Miana.

TENENTE: You know Serapion doesn't like the Chinese.

INDAY: Why does everyone hate the Chinese?

NARCISSEO: Inday, your mouth is always open.

INDAY: So I can bite you better, Narcisso.

TENENTE: Now no one hates the Chinese. It's just that they have taken many opportunities away from Filipinos.

TIM: But before my grandfather came, there was no store like his where people could buy many things.

BERNALDEZ: There would have been one someday.

INDAY: When?

BERNALDEZ: Don't ask so many questions, Inday.

TEACHER: To get back to our problem, who will volunteer for one hour tonight?

TOMAS: We will, sir.

TEACHER: Ah, no, Tomas, you are yet young. This is a man's work.

TOMAS: I am a man!

NARCISSO: Ho, ho.

DIGUS: He's more of a man than you.

NARCISSO: Be quiet, bakla! (sissy)

TEACHER: Will no one volunteer?

TIM: What can my father do if you don't help?

TENENTE: I'm sorry, Tim, the farmers need to sleep. You know the harvesting has begun. Your father will have to help himself.

(Tomas pulls Tim away from the group)

TOMAS: I will come tonight, Tim. Pedie, Tero, Tony, Digus and I will keep the watch.

TIM: But your father won't let you go.

TOMAS: Never mind. I can slip out when everybody is sleeping.

TIM: He'll whip you if he finds out.

TOMAS: If he does, well, I won't cry.

TIM: Thanks, Tomas.

TOMAS: Don't mention it. You're my friend and your father is okay, too, even if he is Chinese. See you later.

The boys keep watch, slipping out of their houses that night. Tomas replaces a nervous Digus and is confronted by the elder Lim, who discovers Tomas wrestling with an unknown figure. This turns out to be Narcisso, who accuses Tomas of stealing the chickens. With Tim's help, it's proved that Narcisso's the real thief, and Lim lectures him.

A GIANT IN THE BARRIO (complete)

DIGUS: It's going to be another dark night tonight. The moon is hiding behind the clouds.

INDAY: A good time for the giant to attack.

TOMAS: Ah, Inday, you are so tough and you believe in giants?

FLORA: And why shouldn't she, brave young Tomas. During the last harvest, on a night like this, the giant hit Tatay(dad on the head and almost killed him.

PESIANG: Ooh, I'm afraid of the giant.

TOMAS: Never mind, Pesiang, the teacher said that someone was trying to steal the money he hides under his hat.

OLD

GRANDMOTHER: She's a good teacher but she doesn't know many things. Her mother and I were the best herbolarios in the barrio twenty years ago. But when she came home from college she made her mother stop. Sometimes an education makes a woman forget things.

TONY: Well, I'll not be the one to go walking alone.

TOMAS: Ah, you're all cowards.

INDAY: If you're so brave, Tomas, why don't you go along the road to Lombog?

PEDIE: Sure, Tomas, go ahead. But remember, there are no houses to light your way.

DIGUS: Never mind, Tomas. You don't have to do it.

FLORA: Quiet, Digus. If Tomas does not believe in the giant, then he'll enjoy the walk to Lombog.

PESIANG: Oh no, no, Tomas, please don't go.

ALE: I'll tell Tatay and he'll be very angry.

RAMIE: (younger brother) My brother is not afraid of anything. You'd better not tell Father, Ale. (to Tomas) You will go, Tomas, won't you?

TOMAS: (a little sorry he spoke so bravely, but forced to say yes) Yes, of course I'll go.

NARCISSO: How will we know that you don't hide behind the first coconut tree and pretend you're going to Lombog?

TOMAS: Maybe, Narcisso, you would like to follow behind to make sure I go?

NARCISSO: Not I.

INDAY: Hoy, Narcisso, you would be the one to hide, not Tomas.

NARCISSO: You speak too loudly for a Filipina. Maybe you think you are an Americana?

INDAY: I'll say anything I please.

FLORA: Hush, now, we don't want to forget that Tomas is going to be brave tonight.

TOMAS: (getting up hesitantly) I'll go now. (Pesiang starts to cry) Pesiang, don't cry. No giant lives in the Philippines. Only in China are there giants.

(Tomas walks slowly, whistling to cover up his fear. He stops every few seconds to look around and listen. He takes out a handkerchief and wipes his brow. He does not see Inday and Digus following behind. They are very frightened, but are more curious than afraid. Actually, Inday is pulling Digus along)

TOMAS: (aloud) There are no giants in the Philippines. There are no giants in the Philippines. There are... (a sudden noise behind a coconut tree makes him stop) Who is that? (Inday hides her head in her arms. Digus covers his mouth with his hand) Who is that behind the tree? I'm not afraid of you. I won't let you kill me. I'm only fifteen years old. (more softly) Besides, I haven't got any money. (courageously walks toward tree, shouting) I'll fight you with my bare hands. I'll rip you apart, I'll...

(Inday screams as a huge thing comes from behind the tree...and, then, stumbling and half-blind, comes poor, old crazy Benito, shuffling past without even seeing Tomas)

TOMAS: Benito...it's just poor old Benito (breathes a deep sigh of relief) Inday? Was that you who screamed?

INDAY: Yes, Tomas.

TOMAS: Girls are always afraid.

DIGUS: Tomas, you were afraid, too.

TOMAS: That's not true.

INDAY: Tomas?

TOMAS: Well...

INDAY: You were afraid, Tomas. But don't worry, we won't tell anyone. I think you were very brave.

TOMAS: Ah, well, didn't I tell you there weren't any giants.

In the fourth play, "Back to School", the efforts of the teacher, despite criticism from the mother of Tomas, the Old Grandmother and Lolita, are rewarded with the boys returning to school to finish their education.

(Dec.'63) My drama went off as scheduled. I think everybody had a good time, particularly the teachers, who got more laughs than the students (the hams). Mrs. Escleto excited the audience as she came out on stage in the native dress of an old woman, barefoot, with the rolled tobacco in her mouth that women hereabouts smoke.

Teaching Science

(Aug.'62) Can you imagine trying to teach electricity to children who have never seen it?

The Philippines boasts few scientists and inventors, primarily because rote methods of instruction rarely kindle the curiosity of the children. Our purpose was to guide the teachers toward an experimental, 'let's see' approach to the material. For example, an average teacher would transcribe the exact words from the single text onto the blackboard; the children dutifully copied "What is Electricity" into their notebooks. Missing was the wonder and pleasure of self-discovery, of curiosity or interest.

Don Chauls^{*} suggested to us one way of introducing the unit on electricity, which I tried. On a small table in the classroom, I placed a flashlight battery, a strip of wire and the small bulb from the flashlight, all easily available to a teacher.

"All right," I said to the class, "let's see if you can make the bulb light." For a moment the 5th graders stared at me without comprehension. Then several of the brighter students began to investigate. With the class calling out suggestions, they tried all kinds of twists and turns. I said nothing more. Twelve minutes later, one of the supposedly dull boys in the class made the bulb light. After allowing several others to perform this same marvelous feat, I asked the class to tell me, step by step, in simple language, exactly what had happened. This they were able to do, in a sense, telling me the lesson. Subsequent lessons followed up the initial experiment.

One of my more hilarious contributions to science was a series of four wax balls arranged on a wire to show the earth revolving around the sun in its four seasons. Inday was employed to melt the wax to a degree where it was moldable. I did this demonstration

* PCV, Sandigan Island

at the Guinacot school, providing my truck companions that morning with a puzzled amusement as I balanced this thing on my lap for the ride to school.

(Sept.'62) I'm in the process now of making a cardboard zoo. Just finished a detailed diagram on how an airplane flies. Artist Stafford is busy preparing an atomic energy scrapbook.

(Nov.'62) Today I produced a cloud inside a bottle. Last week in health, I showed the picture of a famous movie star in a bathtub to encourage cleanliness!...I've taken a class on an imaginary airplane ride during the unit on Flight, acting out procedures from the time they would purchase their tickets to final baggage roundup and departure...I've also dug up a tree, inadvertently showing how NOT to transplant a tree...

(Jan.'63) Am preparing a diagram of the digestive system...

One weekend in July, PCV's on Bohol met for a Science Workshop at Chuck Whitely's barrio school. Each of us prepared a lesson or experiment on a particular unit in Science. We all learned a great deal from each other and hoped those teachers present learned something from us.

My assignment was Light, a unit in which I eventually specialized for purposes of demonstration at future workshops in Guindulman. The idea of my demonstrations was always to give the individual student an opportunity to think for himself, to see for himself, to conclude[&] for himself, after observation and experimentation.

An experienced teacher will probably find these techniques unpolished, but, on Bohol, they were revolutionary. The majority of teachers generally felt themselves incapable of abstracting the text into a live situation.

LIGHT GRADE V

Materials needed: chalk, flashlight, mirrors, eye chart, plain white paper, colored paper, coin, water containers, blindfolds, magnifying glasses, candle holder, cellophane, prism, wire

Introduction: Blindfold several children with black cloth.
Can you see anything? Discuss.

Informal questioning: When do robbers do their work? Why do more people work during daytime? Why are classes held during the day? Why do people in the Philippines get up much earlier than people in the United States?

Close your eyes. Think how life would be if you were blind. Try to walk around the classroom with your eyes closed. Imagine buying food in the market, walking along the road, getting change at the sari-sari store, studying, cleaning the house, if you were blind.

Assignment: Go outside tonight. Tell me what colors you could see.

Conclusion: How can we see? ans. Light lets us see.
What is the greatest source of light? ans. Sun.

Suppose there is no sun. What do you think would happen in the world? If plants had no sunlight, what would happen to them? ans. They would die.

If plants died, what would happen to the animals who ate the plants? ans. The animals would die.

If animals died, what would happen to man who eats animals? ans. Man would die, so everything would die.

I The night is dark, but you want to study your lesson. What would you do? Discuss.

Now, what has God made to give us light during the daytime? The sun. During the nighttime? The moon, stars, fireflies

What can man make to produce light? How are your homes lighted after dark? ans. lamps, candles, kerosene lanterns, electricity

Light given us by God is natural light.
Light produced by man is artificial light.

II How many went outside last night? Was it very dark? Could you see green leaves, a pink shirt or brown shoes? No? Why not?

We see colors only when light rays from an object are reflected to our eyes. Without light, we can't see color.

How does light, therefore, help us to enjoy the world around us? What things around you have color? What would they be like without color? What are your favorite colors? Why?

What color is sunlight? No, white is not a color itself.

White sunlight is really composed of six or seven colors, called the spectrum. Does anyone know the colors of the spectrum? They are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

This week, I want all of you to look at Exhibit "H" on our table, the glass prism, and also look at the spectrum drawn on the chart.

Let's spend a few minutes looking at all our exhibits. There's an index card with each exhibit, with directions, explanations, questions, drawings and facts that are important for you to know. By the end of the unit next week, you should have tried all the experiments, as well as copied the important information into your notebooks.

III What does propagation mean? Discuss.
Light travels 186,000 miles per second. Does it travel in a straight line? Can we see around corners? Discuss.

COPY. Light travels in a straight line, except if it is reflected or refracted. Light changes direction everytime it comes across anything in its way.

Demonstration. Have a pupil hold a mirror under the sunshine; tell him to project the reflected light to the wall.
Can you change the direction of light?

A mirror reflects light. What other things can you name that reflect light? Discuss.
So, why can we see ourselves when we look in a shiny surface? Because the light is reflected, that is, thrown back.

What does an object do with light? It may absorb light or reflect light. Things that are opaque, translucent or transparent absorb light.

Can light go through a door or book? No. That's opaque.
Can light pass through cellophane? Partly. That's translucent.
Can light go through water or a pane of glass? Yes. That's
Discuss transparent.

Things that throw back light reflect light. Reflected light is either glaring, or soft, cool and soothing.
What happens if I shine a flashlight in your face at night?
What do you do when a truck comes along at night with its lights on? Can you look directly into the sun?

You cover your eyes because the light is glaring. Glaring light harms the eyes. Name some things that protect our eyes from glare; sunglasses, lampshades, curtains

COPY. Smooth or shiny surfaces reflect light in a uniform direction, which is why they are shiny and glaring, like headlights, flashlights, shiny cars, bright red.

Rough surfaces scatter the light they reflect, like shades, curtains, dark green.

Next week, when you discuss color in class, ask your teacher why it hurts the eyes to look at a person wearing a bright, red dress and why it is pleasant to see a person in a soft, green dress. Perhaps you understand the answer already.

V We said that seeing depends on light. What else? There must be eyes to receive light.

Many Filipinos cannot see things that are far. People who cannot see things that are far can see things that are near - these people are nearsighted. They need help in seeing things that are far. Like me. Look at my corrective lenses. See how they curve to help me see better.

My father can see things that are far away, but he cannot see things close, like the print in a book. He has to hold a book like this. Do any of you hold your books this way? If you do, then you need glasses that can help you see things closer, because you are farsighted.

Many things can magnify. Take a drop of water. Put it over the print on a coin? What happens?

Demonstrations: a. Place pencil in water. What do you see?
b. Place ruler upright in water. What do you notice about part under water?
c. Put coin at bottom of jar. Stand so that side of bowl hides coin. Pour water.
Can you see the coin?

COPY. When light passes from air into water, or from water into air, it is bent, or refracted. It does not continue in its former path.

What did we learn on Wednesday about the direction of light?

Light travels in a straight line, except if it is reflected or refracted. When light hits a smooth, shiny surface like a mirror, it bounces back, so it changes direction.

Light is bent when it goes from air into water or water into air, so it changes direction. At other times, without interference, light travels in a straight line.

In testing, too, I tried to show a different approach, insisting that the children think instead of giving back memorizations that they didn't understand. So I prepared the following test at the unit's end to give to this demonstration class:

- 1) Show a picture of lamps to the class. Are these sources of natural light or artificial light?
- 2) Show a piece of cellophane. Is this an example of opaque, translucent or transparent light?
- 3) Why?
- 4) Hold up a prism, a mirror and a magnifying glass. Which object that I'm holding helps a farsighted person see things better?
- 5) Hold up a jar of water, a pencil and a mirror. Which one of these objects reflects light?
- 6) Hold up a jar of water and a pencil. If I put this pencil into this jar, what will happen?
- 7) Why?
- 8)
- 9) Name three things that protect your eyes from glare.
- 10)
- 11) How fast does light travel?
- 12) Hold up a spoon, a mirror and a book. Which one of these objects absorbs light?
- 13) Light always travels in a straight line. True or false.
- 14) Show a paintbox. If I mix all these colors together, what will be the final color?
- 15) Light a match. What kind of light is this, natural or artificial?
- 16) Show the glass prism. What is this?
- 17) What does it do?
- 18) What color is the grass at night?
- 19) Why?
- 20) Light is bent when it enters and leaves glass. True or false.

(July '63) A busy week, changing students into trees (not literally), explaining that one's comb and toothbrush are sacred...

(Sept. '63) This morning a darling child stuck a very young frog in my face with a triumphant smile - all in the interest of amphibian observation, of course...

In past weeks, we've half-climbed trees to look at interesting leaf specimens; boys have been sporting do-it-yourself battery-operated bulbs from their handkerchief pockets; my watch hasn't run right since one of my students wanted to know if a magnet would affect the mechanism -it did; we've interrupted bees in the process of pollination to examine flowers...you never know what's going to happen next. I rather hope they exclude the unit on atomic energy...

They didn't.

(Oct.'63) Inday is presently studying for her exam in atomic energy. I feel helpless when she asks me what things like nucleus, proton and neutron mean. When I was in school, they hadn't begun to teach atomic energy, so I feel stupid when I read her notes. It's the Peace Corps opinion that atomic energy has no business in the curriculum of the 6th grade and we wholeheartedly agree. Even the teacher doesn't understand what/s he's talking about.

We were supposed to teach English and Science, as well as Math if we had the aptitude (we didn't) but when there was a lack of information in another subject, we were asked to take the class. Anabel took several art classes and I found myself one day in Mr. Abrenilla's social studies class lecturing on the United Nations. His references were so old that he'd been telling his class that the UN building was still located in Flushing Meadows.

I spent a whole afternoon preparing the lecture when I discovered I didn't know as much about the workings of the UN as I thought I did.

I started the lecture by waking up the class, banging my shoe on the desk a la Krushchev, explaining the significance of that particular moment in history.

Another time I brought out my European maps and showed the class a trip I had made in 1960. Besides the United States, Japan, Germany and China, most Filipino children have no conception of where or what other countries are.

Summer Vacation Projects

During the three-month summer vacation*, most Volunteers devoted a good part of their time either to summer classes or community development projects.

I decided to concentrate on conversational English classes for teachers and students. Teachers from the Central School in Guindulman, plus several from the Canhaway and Guinacot schools, (about fifteen to twenty in all) met ~~xxxx~~ with me once a week for a three-hour session.

Using tests devised by the Philippine Journal of Education, we started off with correct usage drills, following up with a drill on phonemes (sounds). The majority of time, however, was spent on creative dramatic situations, where the teachers had to improvise situations.

For example, after they divided into groups, I'd assign each group a situation. One group would be a cocktail party, with its guests, host and hostess; another group would mime an action or a story, while a third group would describe, aloud, what the mimes were doing.

* Due to legislation revising the school calendar to correspond to the September-June schedule in the U.S., the vacation period was temporarily lengthened.

One week I asked each teacher to give a vocal description of his or her wife or husband. Later, there were poetry or dramatic readings, from "Romeo and Juliet", "Shadow and Solitude" (a Filipino play), "How Do I Love Thee", as well as selections from magazines.

Then, as gently as possible, I'd critically go over everything that had been done. So much of the time, these teachers were unaware that a common usage of theirs was incorrect, or a pronunciation obsolete or an intonation not American. And they wanted to sound like Americans, right or wrong.

Students from Canhaway and Guinacot were enrolled in twice-a-week sessions. The sessions were limited to 5th and 6th graders, in addition to four graduates who were going on to high school.

These informal classes were great fun. Sometimes the children took comic character parts, reading from a Classics Comic. Or we read through children's plays or acted out radio plays written for children. We played storytelling games - after I started a story, the children would each add their imaginative paragraphs. Regular school classroom sessions didn't allow enough time to give individual students the chance to speak English.

One morning we played a variation of the old telephone game, with two opposing teams. The winning team came closest to the original whispered phrases, in which I included difficult sounds (for them), such as 'box of biscuits', 'front of the house', 'chief of classes', 'a bowl of soup', 'sleep in a bed', 'clean the yard', 'I hate snakes' and 'he breathes slowly'.

Another day we divided into groups, one playing cards, the other playing junior scrabble - all in English. Playing "War", I would ask the winner to explain why he won. He, hopefully, would say something similar to, "I won because a king is better than an eight." Or, "I lost because my seven is less than a nine."

We'd carefully sing American game songs, like "John Brown's Baby" or they'd make a story from pictures.

While Anabel climbed the mountain behind us to hold summer classes in Lombog, the farthest barrio from town, other Volunteers around the Philippines became involved with building new classrooms, constructing water-sealed toilets, holding nursery school classes, raising livestock, working in CARE hospitals or with Boy and Girl Scout troops and in Welfareville institutions.

The most ambitious of many Peace Corps projects in the Philippines was Camp Brotherhood, a summer camp located on government-donated land in Negros Occidental. Facilities included a swimming pool, a mess hall and shelters where English, nature study and handicrafts were taught. Close to 600 campers were enrolled.

In Laguna Province, ~~northern~~ Luzon, eleven Volunteers assisted with a special project of the University of the Philippines College of Forestry. Philippine forests are being destroyed at a rate faster than that of any other country. They collected, organized, and prepared ^{for} ~~the~~ distribution, information for a public forestry education program. Some planted trees. Others were fire fighters.

Eighteen Volunteers worked with Welfareville Institutions in the Manila area. Welfareville is a 36-year old service institution supporting needy men, women and children. The 1,650 young people at Welfareville include orphans, juvenile delinquents, abandoned children of lepers and youngsters who are physically or mentally handicapped. The Volunteers' jobs in this overcrowded, understaffed institution ranged from group work and teaching to general maintenance and construction.

A Texas boy started a non-profit pig-raising venture called Livestock for Progress. The organization buys a pig for a youngster to raise, helping in the care according to best scientific methods. When the pig is sold, the child keeps half the money, and the rest goes to the organization, to be used for buying more animals.

Three femme Volunteers worked as nurses aides, and in the X-Ray laboratory at the CARE hospital in Banaue, Mountain Province.

These were but a few other-directed projects.

Typing Classes

In addition to my summer classes, I intensified my typing instruction.

In January, 1963, I^{had} started typing classes, beginning with five students, a half-hour with each student every day. Inday and Pedie were the first to enroll. They were follow~~ing~~^{ed} by Merla Sacate, a St. Mary's (Guindulman) high school student; Anita Bernardo, a 15-year old resident of Santa Lucia; and Bebing Bersabal, who hoped someday to return to school.

(Feb.'63) If my typing becomes messy, please forgive me. I've got the typewriter keys taped with adhesive so my typing students can't cheat. I'm a self-taught typist and have never felt compunction at peeking myself. Now that the letters are covered, I'm at a loss. Funny, though, I make the same mistakes my students do, so it's helped me point out to them where the problem areas on the keyboard lie...

Later on I got another portable from Peace Corps because of four more students - Lucie/Ranario, teenpage daughter of a Canhaway teacher; Nonoy Bernal, a young man anxious to go to college; Inday Pelinio, our neighbor's sister, who wanted to prepare herself for a better job; and her niece, Naring Berou, getting ready for first-year high school.

In April, '64, I wrote to my father:

I hope your typewriter is in fair condition, because I'll be using it. After much deliberation, I decided to leave my portable here, for the benefit of the barrio and especially my typing students, who would lose their skill for lack of practice. In the whole town of Guindulman, I would guess that there are no more than a dozen ancient models. Typewriters are terribly expensive. Anyway, I'm proud that three of my students will be going to school and helping themselves by doing part-time typing, (Inday, Pedie, Nonoy). It is a valuable article to leave behind, but its value to the people here is much, much greater than it would ever be for me...

Young people, living in what I called the twilight zone (those who had completed 6th grade, had no jobs or prospect of jobs and were unmarried) comprised most of my typing complement. They needed to have something purposeful to do. If conditions in the Philippines don't improve as far as this age group is concerned, the country's juvenile delinquency problem is going to become more severe. It exists now in Manila, but there is much less vandalism in the provinces. Occasional chickens were stolen in our barrio, but a serious theft (money, radio or a typewriter) usually occurred in town, not in a barrio, and was rare enough to be talked about for days. I hoped that my students would have a better chance than some.

(Apr. '64) Our delinquents are called "sagoy", which sort of means, "do-nothing." Many boys cannot find work on Bohol and, because of the culture, rarely attempt to find work in another, more promising province. Mindanao has many opportunities, but so many of the boys are loathe to leave their barrios.

The Canhaway sagoys are pretty harmless for the most part, although they have, on occasion, stolen chickens, uprooted someone's peanut patch or taken fruit from trees. We hear reports all the time about Tabajan boys (far side of Guindulman) who get into much more serious trouble, fighting policemen and starting trouble at cockfights.

My concern for these twilight zoners led to the formation of a Scholarship Fund Committee, to enable a few more 6th grade graduates to go on to high school. As it was, four-fifths of any given graduating class had completed their education; only a few barrio families could afford the tuition and costs of a high school education.

Scholarship Fund Committee

(Jan.'63) I know each of my relatives who sent me Christmas money expects me to spend it on myself. I would feel much prouder of them if I could donate the money to our proposed Scholarship Fund, in their names...

By March, our suggestions for the formation of a Committee were drawn up:

RESOLVED...

That a Scholarship Fund exist for barrios Canhaway and Guinacot, town of Guindulman, Bohol.

That a Scholarship Fund Committee be created, with membership to include the principal and/or head teacher of both the Canhaway and Guinacot schools, the sixth grade teachers at both schools, the presidents of both barrio PTA's, plus three elected members.

That a 2/3 vote is required on all voting for election of new members and selection of scholarship winners.

That eligibility for a scholarship be extended to any sixth grade graduate or equivalent, whom the committee judges to be of sufficient scholastic attainments and sufficient economic straits to warrant a scholarship, after his or her record is fully reviewed; that there be no age limits; that the one recommended need not have

attended either school, so long as his family has been a resident of the barrio for five years.

That preference be given a student who has already demonstrated a real interest in continuing his studies; that a previous scholarship recipient be given the opportunity to reapply if his or her grades in high school warrant continuance of the scholarship, the family still being unable to support the child in high school.

That full or partial scholarships be made available to deserving students.

Mrs. Felipe (Conchita) Liao, active in women's club activities in town, and herself a barrio lieutenant, was elected to the Committee, as well as Anabel and myself. In May, the Committee selected four students, who would begin at St. Mary's in July.

Santifa Maquiso, a Canhaway neighbor and Inday's first cousin, was nominated by Mr. Abrenilla; I encouraged the acceptance of one of my 'actors', 6th grader ~~Ireneo~~ Ireneo Olaivar. Marita Berou was proposed by Mrs. Bernaldez at Guinacot; and Anabel and I agreed with the Guinacot members that Rogelio Berou should be the fourth student.

Over New Year's, Anabel, Inday, her sister Bertang, Santifa, Merla, Pedie, the Peligrino girls (Inday, Caridad and Mely), Mr. Abrenilla and other "volunteers" went caroling to raise money for the Scholarship Fund. As is the custom, we typed notes beforehand to be distributed by hand to the occupants of those homes in town we hoped to 'entertain'. I'll never forget that rainy New Year's night, tramping around to more than forty homes, tired, wet and hoarse, wistfully encouraging substantial contributions from the more affluent citizens of Guindulman.

In January, we began arrangements for the showing of "King of Kings", as our tour de force to raise money for the fund. Promoting a film was more in my line.

Tagalog films and "B" Hollywood movies were sometimes shown outdoors in the town plaza by milk or gasoline companies. With a relatively recent film such as this MGM spectacular, in a Catholic country, we hoped to raise quite a bit of money.

(Feb.'64) We've received confirmation for "King of Kings" to be shown during Lent. I've got all the facts and figures re: expenses for the distributor and expenses for us. Spent all morning (it's a holiday) cutting up cartolina, after typing the stencils, to make the tickets. Yesterday, when I came back from class, I found a visitor, Mr. Pizarras, the distributor. He brought banners, posters and picture advertisements...

WE've been busy all week making, cutting, stamping and signing the General Admission (P o.40) and Patron (Pl.00) tickets, before giving them out for distribution. With Father Neri's promise to make an announcement at the Masses this Sunday and next, the police will have to hold back the crowds (we hope). People here don't often have the opportunity to see a good film, and this one is especially appealing because of the Lenten season.

(Mar.'64) Yesterday the "King of Kings" came to Guindulman and I'm sure the town will never be the same. We had four showings of the film beginning after the second Mass on Sunday - about 10 a.m., and came wearily home about 12:30 a.m. I certainly got to meet quite a few of the townspeople. Ninety-nine out of a hundred were wonderful, but there's always one who feels that he is slighted if he doesn't get extraordinary personal service.

Close to 2,000 people attended, including multitudes of children who were supposed to pay, but didn't. I expect we raised around 600 pesos above expenses, which we have to divide with Mr. Pizarras.

Inday and I were at the door selling tickets, human computers whizzing through the machinations of buying and selling and trying not to make mistakes. Anabel and our staff (Bertang, Santifa, Merla, Pedie, Rogelio and other St. Mary's teachers and students) tried to hold the fort at the door collecting tickets, getting people seated (Patrons who paid a peso were supposed to sit in a roped-off section) and keeping the children down off the chairs. Theirs, I think, was the more harrowing job - I glimpsed a red-faced Anabel several times during the day.

My only problem was deciding which children had to pay and which were small enough to go free. It often involved an appraisal of the family's financial position with a momentary glance, as many mothers seemed to be counting their last centavos onto the table. Let it be said that I tried to be humane, above and beyond any business considerations.

Our first four scholarship students received good grades during their first year and are now continuing at St. Mary's. They were joined by two of my own 6th graders from English class, Longina Felisilda and Marina Berou.

Sixth graders who graduated with first honors from any barrio school were tuition-free their first year only; second honors students paid half-tuition. Eutiquia Bersabal, first honors at Guinacot in '64, received a partial scholarship, as she was unable to meet admission, uniform and book expenses, which are separate from tuition fees.

Ceresia Likong, who edged out Inday for first honors at Canhaway, received no assistance for her first year, but will be up for a full scholarship next year, if she works hard. She is a rarity among Filipino students from the barrio.

(Oct.'62) Cering* volunteered to represent Canhaway in the Declamation Contest and is completely confident before an audience. Most students are too "ashamed" to ever volunteer for anything other than singing or dancing. Since this girl's likely to go on to high school, both Anabel and I want to do some special work with her, as she's an honor student and could go far.

It upsets us when extremely bright students are forced to quit school to help out their parents at home, losing the opportunity to better their lives...

As the cat in "Ding Dong Bell", Ceresia proved to be a spirited actress; in the classroom she could be creative if she was pushed to it. Therein lay her problem, a universal problem - a student is bright, proud, outgoing, but sees no reason for pushing too hard. What for?

The Library

(Oct.'62) There's always something going on over at Canhaway. Visitors come to see the barrio school which received 4th place among all barrio schools in the Philippines for the most beautiful school grounds.*

We're expecting visitors. Children are pulled out of class to bolo the grass; desks are scrubbed, classrooms are washed down and, lo and behold, shelves which we'd requested a month ago for the library are being installed. Mr. Peligrino has ordered carpenters to saw and plane with feverish haste. He always likes to show off the library as "the special work of our Peace Corps Volunteers." So Anabel is trying to put together an Anthology of Space and I'm bringing over a section on sculpture for our Art Corner, aiding and abetting Mr. P's deception.

* Nickname

* In 1964, they received 1st place in the Philippines.

Canhaway was one of the few schools that had an extra room where a library could be installed. Starting slowly, we contributed hard-and-soft cover books brought from home, magazines, newspapers, science/ charts, booklets and drawings (courtesy of Anabel).

(Nov.'62) We had a slew of kids in yesterday making all kinds of shapes and figures out of modeling clay bought in Cebu. They had never seen modeling clay before, so, after inspecting and smelling it, they became fascinated with what they could do with it. I'm including their work, primitive and childish as it may be, in our sculpture corner. There is so little that they are made to feel pride in.

Thanks to my cousins ~~Kayxant~~ Richard Manfredi and Kay Lombardi, and their students at Henley High School in Jamaica, New York, we received nine cartons of books to begin filling the shelves. From the PPSTA, after my written request, we received more books for both Canhaway and Guinacot. (Guinacot couldn't afford a new building for a library; Flor Castrodes had several shelves built in her classroom). My father collected more books which he sent through both the Philippine Consulate and the Navy's Operation Handclasp. His carton, with ten others, arrived from Handclasp, to whom many people had donated books without specifying where they were to be forwarded.

By the time we left, the library had more than 2,000 books, plus our Peace Corps set of excellent World Book encyclopedias; a subscription to National Geographic Magazine's School Bulletins; cut-outs on inventions, discoveries, important mementos in History, means of transportation and other paraphernalia for the walls; science charts on the ear, atomic energy, oil, airplanes, lightning and thunder, plastics, light and sound, and materials for the "Around the World" board.

(Jan.'64) Instead of taking a vacation during last week's free days (another athletic meet), I spent it in the library, dusting each and every book and organizing a card catalogue system similar to our own home lending-library...

Finally, two months later, the index cards were all typed up and the system was ready for the next school year.

We, however, would not be there to supervise.

Graduation

In March, '63, after attending graduation ceremonies at Guinacot and Canhaway, we experienced the pangs of new "teachers" losing their graduating classes. In April '64, we would be losing our last graduation classes...

(Mar.'64) I've been asked by Mr. Peligrino to direct the graduation drama, and also to take the part of 'Mother Philippines', the title of the playlet. My brightest students from 6th grade will be taking part as the Honor Graduates. Ceresia Likong ~~and~~ is Valedictorian and Inday is Salutatorian--their speeches are part of the pageant.

Inday has led her class all year, but other years are also taken into consideration for first honors - way back in 5th grade, she didn't do so well. We're just as glad, though. Some people might have said she only got first honors because of us. As you know, I'll be sending her to high school next year in Tagbilaran. With second honors, half her tuition is paid as a scholarship; the other half she'll work out typing in the school office. She'll manage her board, food, books and other expenses on what I can afford to send...

(Apr.'64) With graduation coming up fast, we're all busy rehearsing and getting the program in shape. Inday is trying to

make her Salutatorian address letter-perfect; Anabel is memorizing an introduction in Visayan, while I struggle with 'Mother Philippines'. Three teachers are preparing dances and another is practicing the graduation song with the sixth-graders...

The graduation theme was the 'Courage and Pioneering Spirit of Youth'. Mr. Peligrino requested Anabel to write Ceresia's address, while I was asked to prepare Inday's. She pleaded with me to make it short and simple, since she was terrified, unlike Cering, to speak before a large audience.

Graduation Day was fair and sunny. Graduates, parents and guests milled around. Inday was nervous. Anabel and I were pensive and sad. Then, music signalled that the program was about to begin.

While I missed quite a few heartbeats, Inday didn't miss anything. She delivered her speech slowly, distinctly, and with feeling, understanding that the words meant as much to me as to her and her classmates.

SALUTATORIAN ADDRESS

"On the 20th of January in 1961, John F. Kennedy told Americans that the problems of the United States would not be solved in the first 1,000 days, nor in four years, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet.

'But,' he said, 'let us begin.'

Maybe President Kennedy's idea is a good one for us. We are graduating from the sixth grade. It is now time for us to begin our lives, to begin to change our lives, to begin to change the Philippines. Someone must have the courage to begin. Why not us?

Do you know what a pioneer is? A pioneer is a person who goes first, or does something first, preparing the way for others.

A pioneer takes the lead in meeting problems and difficulties. He doesn't sit in front of the sari-sari store and wait for his neighbor to be first. He is first.

Three hundred years ago, Americans were pioneers in making a new country great.

In the past five years, Africans have been pioneers in their quests for independence.

Where is the courage and pioneering spirit in the Philippines today? Is it somewhere within you - or me?

Nobody is going to solve our problems for us. Nobody is going to take us by the hand and show us where or how or why to begin. Nobody is going to care about the Philippines if we don't care about the Philippines.

It will take us more than 1,000 days, more than four years and much more than our lifetimes to solve the problems of the Philippines, but, my fellow classmates, let us begin. Now. Today. This moment of our graduation, let us be courageous, let us be the pioneers.

Let us not forget the words of John F. Kennedy.

TIME PASSES...

so

We were, well prepared for the culture and civilization here that we could have foretold both our accomplishments and disappointments.

The heat has never bothered me, but I suppose unnumbered years of it makes people indolent. People will do what they have to, to survive, but few will do more to make their lives easier and less demanding.

The principals and teachers always applaud our ideas, but, unfortunately, few are followed up. Peace Corps warned us that despite the best of intentions, we would often be terribly frustrated introducing anything new into this society, even among the educated, who use the equivalent of the American shrug.

"Bahala na" is a favorite expression - "Who's to say." It is the ultimate in the Filipinos' sense of inferiority.

There is a tremendous inferiority complex, particularly with their comparison of themselves to Americans. They expect us to be the wonder-workers, whereas we want them to be the ones who accomplish things while we remain in the background. This is hard for them to believe and results sometimes in frustrations in getting anything done at all.

This defeatism and inferiority psyche will destroy the country unless its confidence is restored. Filipinos don't remember when they were just Filipinos. They remember being Spandiardized and Americanized, but they must find their own identity separate from that of the West.

Letters From Home

Between the dogs, the ants, the cocks, the feasts, etc., your barrio sounds just like a big low-rent project in Brooklyn...

We have had a newspaper strike in New York and I sure do miss reading all the lies...

Bank account down to \$5.79, depressville...

Do you celebrate Lincoln's birthday there?

One of the decisions I made in Europe was that I'm going to give top priority to my personal life and that the time has come for me to stop takking only to myself...

Saw Lenny Bruce: "Anybody who blows up forty people can't be all bad."

Automation is a dirty word and the dollar is worth about \$.36 thses days...

Do you get sufficient everything?

We have a lot of snow. Remember?..

Cardinal Montini has become Pope Paul VI...

New York is back to its normal abnormalcy now that our Big Newspapers are back. It was incongruous realizing how much we need them and how much we don't. Point is, we can do without them but would rather not...

Are you able to get American magazines?

The Russian cosmonauts are back on earth after many alleged orbits...

I can't bear dull lovers - my latest is a Negro...

People are the same all over; it's just that some eat with forks and some still use their fingers...

In our day-to-day living, we are fortunate in our neighbors and friends, who accept us as individuals, and whose lives are as interesting to us as ours are to them. If nothing else, I believe that by the time we reach the end of our stay, those closest to us will be less naive about America and Americans.

Initially, our personal contacts invariably produced the same reactions: "We are very poor, you are very rich"; "You come from the greatest city in the world - this is a humble barrio"; "You eat meat every day in the States - we live on fish and rice"; "Americans are the most wonderful people in the world - we're not worth very much," and so on.

Now, we hope, we have tried to make our friends understand that they should have pride in the values they live by. They know we respect them as much, if not more, than many of our fellow Americans.

How do we know this? We 'live' in our barrio - it's our home, not just the place we sleep at night. Although we have friends in the towns, our closest friends are our neighbors. We have made our home theirs, and slowly, they are becoming less shy of making their homes ours. We eat with our neighbors; they eat with us. We eat their food; they eat ours, and it is the same food. We play softball and badminton and cards with our neighbors and children. They read our books, play with our games, gaze raptly at the pictures we have taken of them. We have harvested rice in their fields, gathered firewood, swept our road, laid cement, hammered, boloed, carried water, ridden carabaos, showing our neighbors that we respect their labor and are not afraid to dirty ^{our} ~~xx~~ hands.

Breathing the air of the simple life has restored some of my faith in the human animal. I have never lived close to the earth before - I was born in the city and the city is inside me - but I

now question the superiority of the city and its machines and its progress over the man who labors with callused hands. I will continue to question this long after I return to the States - does the primitive life offer more to the whole man than a better standard of living? I don't know the answer.

EDITORIAL Comments from Home...

The Peace Corps is the most overrated, overpublicized and over-sold travel club in the world...

The work of the Corps has very little more to do with producing peace in this world than with producing war...

Americans rush in where angels fear to tread...

I would say that giving frustrated American youth a sense of mission and adding to our supply of comprehension of other societies fatten the credit side of the ledger...

The Peace Corps...has managed to develop the spirit of innovation that was supposed to inspire the whole government when President Kennedy took over...

Most of these...volunteers...symbolize a kind of protest of the postwar generation against the theory that American youth is seeking material security more than anything else...

Peace Corps members serve the cause of socialism...

About half the Volunteers...experience some measure of frustration because of a realization that their achievements during the two years did not completely match their personal goals...

One...surprising thing is that some of the Volunteers became more conservative. They think the U.S. should be more reflective in what we do with foreign aid...

The Volunteer is not always the best judge of his own contribution...

LEISURE LIFE: IN THE CITY, IN THE TOWN, IN THE BARRIO

When I announced to my family and friends that I was to be assigned to the Philippines by the Peace Corps, I was not surprised that no one knew anything about the islands. Neither did I.

They had heard the names Bataan, Corregidor and Leyte from World War II. We believed that Manila was the capital, but it is not. (Quezon City is the official capital, although most government buildings are still in Manila proper).

Beyond these few bits of information and misinformation, we were unusually vague, in today's jet age, about this republic of nearly thirty million people.

The Philippines lies 600 miles off the southeast coast of Asia, 15 degrees above the equator. To its north lies Formosa; to the south, Borneo; to the east, the Pacific Ocean; and to the west, the China Sea. Its 7,107 islands, which include the main island of Luzon, the Visayas, and Mindanao, cover a total land area of 116,220 square miles, a little larger than that of Japan or Spain.

The Philippines were discovered by Magellan for the western world in 1521. Named after King Phillip II of Spain, it was a Spanish colony for almost 400 years. In 1898 Filipino revolutionaries assumed control and proclaimed the first Philippine Republic. This was shortlived, however, for Spain ceded the country to the United States of America, who in turn established a Commonwealth. In 1946, the Philippines regained its independence and became a free republic.

Peace Corps Headquarters for the Visayas is located in Cebu City, the Philippines second largest city. It's also the oldest city, founded in 1565 by Capt. Miguel Lopez de Legaspi. It took us anywhere between 8 and 14 hours travel-and-waiting-time to reach Cebu, depending on whether we traveled by boat or plane from Tagbilaran.

A midnight Sweet Lines boat is scheduled to leave from Tagbilaran every evening for Cebu; it often left at 12 - or 12:30 am or 2 a.m., or...For the five-hour ride across the strait separating Cebu from Bohol, we slept on cots arranged one next to the other on an open deck. Unless you happened to be traveling in a group on any Philippine inter-island boat, you weren't likely to know the identity of the woman, or man, sleeping inches away from you.

The last truck leaving Guindulman for Tagbilaran left about 3 p.m., a three-to-four hour ride depending on the number of farmers with chickens, pigs, fish, vegetables, rice or household wares, who were taking their produce to the nearest market town. Therefore, we had to spend quite a few hours marking time in Tagbilaran until midnight, a point which influenced most of us to take PAL (Philippine Air Lines), twice the price, if we had the necessary pesos (P13.50 round-trip; about \$3.70).

PAL has flights to Cebu every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 2:05 p.m., which meant we could take a truck at 7:30 a.m., have time for a leisurely lunch in Tagbilaran at the Cliff Top or Saya's, arriving in Cebu a half-hour after takeoff. We'd head for the Life Hotel, a cheap, colorful cluster of rooms which I'm sure never saw an American until the advent of the Peace Corps. Most businessmen and tourists stay at the new Magellan Hotel, not necessarily the last word in luxury, but it looks and feels expensive.

Ferdinand Magellan has earned a distinctive place in Cebuano history. He planted the Cross for Spain's first claim on the islands, asserting Queen Isabella's sovereignty--the relic of that cross still stands inside a kiosk on a public plaza. And there he died at the hands of the warrior chieftain Lapulapu on the islet of Mactan. Today, four centuries later, Mactan is the site of an expanding jet airport which will someday be a world crossroads between East and West, and between Hong Kong and Australia. Now it's primarily for military jets.

Cebu City itself has the longest wharf in the Philippines, horse-drawn tartanillas, Fort San Pedro, beach resorts and the wondrous White Gold Department Store, the tallest building in the city.

On our first day in Cebu, we stumbled across this imposing edifice and gawked upwards where some kind of construction seemed to be going on above the store itself. Using the city's only elevator, we proceeded to go on up. Was it a Chinese temple? an Oriental opium den? a museum of Chinese art? No, said the builder, staring back. This will be a restaurant, he told us, with a grand variety of rooms which will be able to serve 1,000 people every kind of Chinese dish in an exotic atmosphere. And they do!

We played tourist that first day, peering into the beautiful San Agustin Church, where lies the image of the Holy Child, said to have been brought by Magellan; visiting the old fortress at San Pedro which was built by the Spanish to protect the settlement from raids of Muslim pirates; taking a jeepney to a Talisay resort that sported a swimming pool; and rubber-necking about the town, called the Queen City of the South.

During the next two years, Cebu City became a refuge for some on Bohol, a shopping place for others. As holidays, birthdays and weddings appeared on the calendar, we'd haunt UMERCO, United Merchants, on busy Magallanes Street, where exquisite wood carvings, wooden housewares, wind chimes, wall plaques, planters and sculpture could be found to send "home",

Buri furniture, guitars, hard-to-get canned foods and household necessities which, for us, might mean lime or throw cushions, were most often bought in Cebu.

After a morning's breathless shopping, Volunteers met at the Chocolate House for its American-style cleanliness and delicious Magnolia ice cream. No matter what time of the day, a Volunteer could be found there cooling off before another foray into the market, or a relaxing few hours at one of the four movie theatres facing the shop.

Dinner for us was at the Majestic, for excellent Chinese food at very reasonable prices; or the Celebrity Steak House, where we glorified in what were usually the first steaks eaten in 6 weeks or three months, with frosted San Miguel beer and an occasional pianist, if lawyer-about-town Nick Dean didn't get to the piano first. If you're an American and you stay in Cebu City more than four days, you'll meet Nick Dean and, bless him, he'll probably pick up the check. There ~~xxxx~~ was Eddie's Log Cabin, a steak house run by a Texas-born American, Eddie Wolbright, and Capriccio's for spaghetti. The Magellan Hotel, White Gold and Club Espagnol (the last, members only) were for very special occasions when we, or someone, had money. An American tourist would find the prices considerably lower than other Far Eastern cities.

After dinner, again depending on cash reserves, we might take in another movie; or the Garden Room at the Capitol Hotel (burlesque for the boys); a private party (parties are frequent, in Cebu City, organized at the drop of a salakot*) or perhaps Beverly Hills in the suburbs, a juke-box and dancing open-air

establishment, also owned by Eddie Wolbright.

Cebu City to a prodigal son is a "city such as is lifted from tortured Cathay; a city such as they say Shanghai or Canton or Amoy or any of the in-grown cities on the China coast looks like, feels like, smells like; a glandularly obese adolescent bursting out of its seams, the streets choked into twisted ribbons*²..." It's surrounded by low-lying mountains, protected from the winds and rains that batter other cities around the islands--a haven for Volunteers, a meeting-place for the aristocrats, a home for tycoon Eddie Aboitiz and 200,000 permanent residents.

*. A salakot is a typical hat worn by Filipino farmers. If you've been to the World's Fair, you may remember that the Philippine Pavilion is in the shape of a salakot.

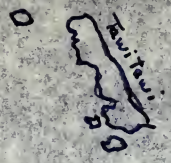
2. Manila Times, Weekly Woman's Magazine, May 6, 1960.

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~~A traveling companion~~, Inday Mapang, and I, took advantage of holiday vacation weeks to visit Mindanao, the second largest island in the Philippines. The Muslim culture predominates here, as opposed to the rest of the Philippines, which is mainly Christian.

We used the PAL stopover route to go from Tagbilaran to Zamboanga, via Cagayan de Oro, Davao and Cotabato, then direct to Cebu City for New Year's Eve and back to Bohol.

Inday's older brother and a number of other relatives live in Cagayan, the closest city on Mindanao to Bohol. The pace in Cagayan de Oro is much more relaxed than some of the other cities on the island which, because of its fantastic



SULU SEA

ZAMBOANGA

BASILAN

MORO GULF

COMARBO

Lake Lanao

MAKAWI CITY

CAGAYAN de Oro

MINDANAO

BUTUAN

Agusan River

DAYAO

Samal Is.

Jolo
Bacolod
Makawing
Davao
Tapan
SULU ARCHIPELAGO

SAFETY

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growth and development in recent years, has nurtured what one reporter called "boom towns." Located at the entrance of Macajalar Bay on the northern tip, Cagayan de Oro is almost equidistant to the furthest tips of the island, west, east and south. It's called the "Gateway to Mindanao" since it's long been a port of call of interisland ships for copra, corn, abaca, rice and lumber; the terminus for land transportation to all other parts of Mindanao that can be reached by trucks and buses; and a major stop of PAL.

We spent many pleasant hours strolling along the tree-lined plaza...eating ice-cream at the Casino...watching open-air singing contests sponsored by a milk company...standing on the bridge overlooking the Cagayan River, where the women pound their clothes on the rocks...eating at the California restaurant, where they have good Chinese and Filipino food...buying huge, juicy pineapples in the market.

From Cagayan, we took two motor trips, one to Bugo and the other to near-by Bukidnon. The Philippine Packing Corporation, a subsidiary of Del Monte, has a canning factory in Bugo devoted to the assembly-line production of pineapple products. An aunt who worked at the factory and lived in the same barrio took us around the plant, explaining the various operations. It was the first time I had seen a factory in the Philippines outside Manila.

Another relative, an uncle who lived within the DelMonte compound in Bukidnon, showed us around the vast pineapple plantations which feed the Bugo factory. There were pineapples growing as far as the eye could see--one of the first examples

of what could be accomplished with tractor farming.

I wonder how many people know the name of the largest city in the world in point of area. It's Davao (Davow) in southeast Mindanao, our next stop. Because jobs are so scarce on Bohol, many of the young barrio from my barrio went to Davao to earn a living, so, again, we had Inday's friends and relatives taking us around the city. Boholanos and Cebuanos, many of them transients, outnumber true Davawenos.

This time we stayed at the Apo View Hotel. At one time, the hotel did have a view of Mount Apo, the highest peak in the country, until the city became prosperous and buildings sprouted up, blocking the view. The peak lies 25 bumpy miles from the center of town, a worthwhile trip for anyone interested in physical anthropology. Beside Mt. Apo is a lake containing marine life, a baffling thing since it is located far from the sea. It is thought that perhaps, long ago, Davao was under the sea.

The Apo View is in the center of town and has a swimming pool and nite club, even if there's no view. More Expensive and much more luxurious, with a splendid view of Samal Island and the Davao Gulf, is the Davao Insular Hotel, a newly created luxury hotel and one of the country's best resorts. It's away from the center of the city, boasting c/rystal-clear water for swimming and surfing.

Despite the odor of durian, we preferred to stay in the center of town within walking distance of the cinemas, shops, the open-air band concerts down by the wharf, the park with its miniature zoo exhibiting strange tropical creatures and

that fine restaurant near the Apo View whose name I can't recall.

Durian, for the uninitiated, is the king of the jungle fruits, according to anyone who has ever tasted it. I was a coward. Despite every effort to sample this supposedly succulent fruit, I failed, for the same reason most people fail, and for the same reason the fruit is not permitted on PAL. It's smell is a combination of every foul odor imaginable.

After a brief stopover in Cotabato, we continued on to that city with the fascinating name of Zamboanga, outpost of great adventure during the Spanish regime, the gateway to Moroland. It's located on the southwest tip of Mindanao, and is the second largest city in the world (in area).

From the airport, we hired a car for one peso to reach the center of town. We stayed at Peace Corps lodgings, but other budget-minded non-PCV's can be comfortable at the Plaza Hotel.

For some reason, this city reminds me of Tangier, with its culture a mingling of Spain, the New World and Islam. It might be just another Philippine city, except for the bright red fez of the Muslim...the multi-colored fish in the market alongside the wharf...the sound of the agong, calling the faithful to prayer...the smell of native mangoes mingling with the smell of the South Seas...Moro vintas (fishing boats) with colorful striped sails...teenage boys with hair bleached by the salt and sun...white and black natural pearls...batik cloth hand-dyed in Indonesia...

When we stayed at the Normal College on the second floor, the sea was close by on one side and low-lying mountains on the other--cool breezes filled the air with the scent of wild orchids. Our favorite transportation was the calesa, a variation of the horse-drawn tartanilla used in Tagbilaran.

One morning we took a calesa down Rizal Street to Fort Pilar, a grey-moss-covered fortification, continuing on to the fishing village of Rio Hondo, which prepared us for our later trip to almost 100% Muslim areas among the Sulu islands.

Another Volunteer suggested a ride to Pasonanca Park, twenty minutes from the market. I've enjoyed St. James and Battersea Parks in London; the Tiergarten in West Berlin; the Stadtpark of Vienna; Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens; the Tuilleries in Paris--almost every major city in the world has a park which it views with pride. And then there is Pasonanca! an everglade lightly touched by the hand of man.

How does Pasonanca describe itself? "It is one whole series of big and small hills which look up and down at one another, ribboned by clean gravel roads hedged high with red hibiscus and tall caballero trees. Here are little stairways of cemented white pebbles on the sides of hills going down into gardens of teak, santol (fruit), mango, tamarind (Fr.), star-apple and yellow bamboo. Pools of water-lilies and lotus and high sprinkling fountains dot the well-kept grass. Here the winds whistle through the trees which grow along the roads leading to the park and only the chirp of birds break their music. Blue mountains rise almost beside the roadways, and overhead the tall trees are hung with wild orchids."

Bring a bathing suit to this wonderland. There's a pear-shaped natural swimming pool with diving boards, spiderweb decorations, sliding boards--everything you need for swimming.

"Zambo" is to spend money...at Vicki's Shell Shop, in the market, at the Black Coral Shop, and along Voluntaria and Madrid Streets, especially for Muslim brass trays, bells and gongs.

We liked to dine well at the Astoria Hotel, or very well at the Bayot Hotel, with its seaside bar, or at the Elite, for its sizzling steaks. Usually we ended up at the Magnolia or Laura's Bake Shop for mid-morning and afternoon snacks.

Anyone interested in a colorful 12-mile ride should take a bus out to Ayala, which, at this writing, is still a haven for vacationing PCV's. You'll pass Muslim communities and a very old hanging bridge, with a wonderful view of Sulu Sea. On your way back, ask the driver to stop at Caragasan for a swim or picnic.

If you've gone this far from the "mainstream" of tourism, Jolo, a short hop by PAL, is only an island away. Jolo, a smuggler's paradise, is the capital of Sulu and the religious center of the Muslims in the Mindanao-Sulu region. The people here, in keeping with their own faith and tradition, have long resisted the temptations of progress, living a life very different from any seen elsewhere in the Philippines.

I believe my friend Inday was frightened of the place the moment we set foot on it.

Lying off the coast of southwest Mindanao, Sulu comprises a number of island groups, including Siasi, Tawi-Tawi, Bongao, Sibutu, Talisay, Tapul and Jolo. Until the advent of the Peace Corps, the few Americans in this area of the world were likely to be anthropologists or priests.

At the time we were there, there were about twenty PCV's staying at the Jota and adjoining hotels. The Jota, run by a very distinguished Christian gentleman, was a small, family-type establishment, very clean and very hospitable.

We all hired a large jeepney to take us around the island of Jolo. Many of the tribes living among the islands can be found on Jolo, but the Taosugs predominate. They excel in making weapons and housecarvings. In Parang, we saw one of their famed decorated, bladed weapons, the kalis, being made by blacksmiths at the bellows. At one time, there was apparently a great variety of these weapons, some clearly derived from Middle Eastern prototypes, but today there are only two major types generally found, the kalis and the barong (which is more tool-like).

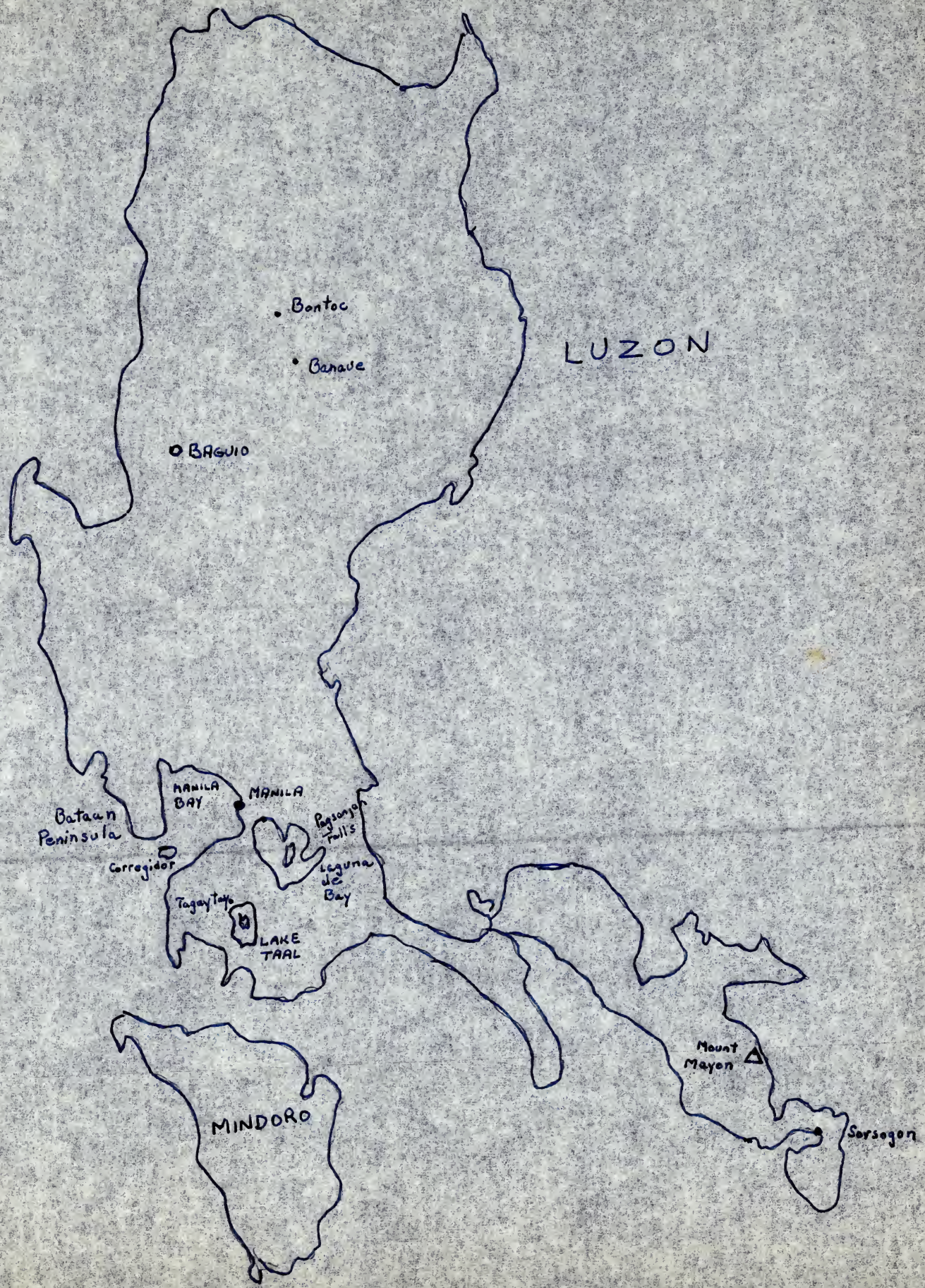
Volunteer Dave Szanton did a study on these weapons.*³ According to him, most of the blades are made to order from an alloy of two steels, basi and balay, though the best blades are said to have been made from Japanese helmets. He interviewed one Jolo Taosug smith named Sahibil, generally considered a master, who claimed he could do any sort of work requested, including the conversion of single shot rifles into automatics.

*³ ART IN SULU: A SURVEY, PHILIPPINE STUDIES, July 1963, pp. 485, 486

I suppose Inday's fears were justified. On the way back from Maimbung, across the island, our jeepney was stopped by a lone man, dressed in khaki, brandishing a rifle. I thought he was a policeman checking to see if we were hiding any smugglers, but I was wrong. ~~Waxixaxxed~~ He looked us over very carefully, half-smiled at the picture of so many Americanos, and waved us on. We learned from the driver that he was the most wanted man in the Sulu smuggling seas, by the Police Constabulary. Another time, when he speeded up all of a sudden, we asked our driver why. He told us that we were passing through a "bandit area", and he didn't want to risk being stopped. There have not, as yet, been any incidents on any of the islands involving Americans because, according to our driver, the smugglers are afraid of the U.S. Navy. That was encouraging.

Maimbung itself was sparsely populated--on its land area. Most of the houses were over the water, built on stilts, even the homes of the more affluent; these could even fashion "garage" space for jeeps, built over the water. Land area was reserved for government buildings, graveyards and mosques.

This fishing village was the site of an exceptionally fine-looking, well-kept mosque. I've seen extraordinary mosques in places like Bangkok, but they were set against a background of big-city wealth. With its backdrop of nipa palm houses, coconut trees and abaca drying in the sun, the appearance of such a gleaming mosque was startling.



The following year we went north to the island of Luzon, with Manila as headquarters. Again, we were fortunate to be able to stay with friends. This was my second look at Manila; at Intramuros, the ancient Spanish Walled City...the ruins of Fort Santiago...San Augustin, oldest stone church in the Philippines...centuries-old Santo Tomas University... Malacañang, the official residence of the President of the Philippines...the Quiapo shopping district, much less expensive, less fashionable and more colorful than Escolta and Rizal Avenues 'uptown'...the Luneta esplanade....Roxas ~~Rizal~~ Boulevard, still Dewey Boulevard to me, to watch the greatest sunset in the world...Forbes Park, with the most expensive homes in one small area that I have ever seen...the strangely impressive U.S. Military Cemetery at Fort Bonifacio...

There are gaming tables in Manila, but I won't say where. There are many excellent restaurants, but you can get that information from a tourist bureau. Most of my time up north was taken up with trips to Corregidor, Pagsanjan Falls, Baguio, the Banaue Rice Terraces, Albay and Tagaytay City.

Forty minutes from Manila, by bus, is cool Tagaytay City, overlooking Lake Taal and the Taal Volcano which, frankly, is a more impressive view from a plane, although a cable car will soon be built to ferry visitors from the ridge to the crater on the lake. On the way to Tagaytay is Las Pinas, a small-town, where the church organ, made of bamboo by an Augustinian in 1794, may be seen and heard. Try to prevail upon the organist to play something other than the "Ave Maria."

Bataan and Corregidor, now national shrines, can be reached in twenty-five minutes by hydrofoil ferry service. We, however, arranged to go free via a Philippine Navy boat, which took three hours one-way, to Corregidor.

What a strange place is Corregidor! You get the feeling that the Japanese left only yesterday. There's still a sensation of death on the island, intensified by views of bombed-out structures, still-standing mortars and deserted tunnels. Nobody "lives" on the island anymore. It is inhabited by military personnel and ghosts who, you feel, surround you everywhere. I thought it was only my feeling, but Inday expressed the same thought - a place caught back in time, captured by the stillness, the eeriness, the tension that must have been in the air twenty years ago. You think that any minute a sniper will appear magically from behind a tree and yell, "Banzai!"

Besides Lake Taal, there are other natural wonders. On the southern tip of Luzon, in Albay province, is Mount Mayon, reputed to be the world's most perfect cone. In Laguna Province are the Pagsanjan Falls. We took public transportation to the Rio Vista Lodge, near the entrance to the gorge leading to the falls. At the Lodge, a clean, pleasant place, we were permitted to change into bathing suits, using one of their rooms, at no charge. The manager of the Lodge made all the arrangements with the pilot of the canoe--the only way to the Falls is a boat ride up the Pagsanjan River. And what a ride!

The jungle foliage clung to the walls of the gorge, rising hundreds of feet on either side of us, as we made our way, somewhat laboriously, to the pool under the Falls. Since we were taking the ride just before the rainy season, the waters in the river were low and the pilot of the canoe had to pull us up some of the levels leading to the Falls. After climbing over slippery rocks to the famous Falls, we took a raft behind the thundering cascade to experience the sensation of being nearly underneath a waterfall. We're both poor swimmers, so we held on to the side of the raft kicking our feet instead of swimming in the natural pool, formed by the Falls, which was very, very deep. Coming back is real adventure, as the boats are steered through the rapids at high speeds, even more so after the rainy season.

More wondrous than the Taal Volcano, Mt. Mayon of the Pagsanjan Falls are the Banaue Rice Terraces, known as the 8th Wonder of the World. Whole mountain ranges are terraced for the cultivation of rice, carved out of mountainsides by the Ifugao tribe 4,000 years ago.

In order to get to the terraces, you must first go to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, 5,000 feet above sea level. Baguio is an hour away by air; we elected to take a bus, passing through mountain roads that zigzag their way up among sweet-smelling pines and scenery unlike any other in the Philippines.

We ate strawberries in Baguio, the first time in the Philippines. We also climbed the steps to the Baguio Cathedral and to the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes atop Dominican Hill. Within its boundaries are the richest gold mines of the country...the fashionable Pines Hotel...the Philippine Military Academy...Camp John Hay, the U.S. Armed Forces recuperation and recreation center, and Trinidad Valley. There's a splendid view of the mountains from Mines View Park. We enjoyed strolling through Burnham Park, driving scooter cars on a circular track, sailing on the lagoon, and watching the children enjoy the various amusements.

In the Baguio market are the best vegetables to be found anywhere in the islands. And, if you can't face the thought of a bumpy, dangerous, 7-hour truck ride on narrow, mountain roads to the rice terraces where the Ifugaos live, you can find all of their handicrafts in the market. The Igorot tribe is famous for its hand-dyed cloth and exceptional wood carvings, the best carvings, in my opinion, made in the Philippines. If you're in Baguio on Sunday, you'll see the tribesmen in the market, wearing loin cloths, arranging to sell their wares through the stall owners. We spent hours wandering around the market, examining the curios and spending money (after necessary bargaining).

Baguio is "touristy"--only the affluent can afford the cool-to-cold weather clothing that's required, but if you've been sweltering in the tropical heat for more than a year, the climate is a welcome relief. The Rice Terraces, alone, are worth a trip over any ocean.



Before receiving our assignments, the Volunteers from our Group IV were sent on one-week field trips to be spent with earlier Volunteers already in the field. I found myself on the island of Panay, whose capital, Iloilo, is a busy Visayan seaport and the "aristocrat" city of the South. Iloilo was a flourishing city long before any of its sister cities in the southern half of the Philippines.

Despite the brevity of my stay in the capital, I heartily agree with the person who wrote* that Ilongos never take their social gatherings casually. Even in recent years, according to this writer, "where elsewhere people have found recourse in coke and macaroni jam sessions as the economical way out of a social obligation, Ilongos have managed to keep up their reputations for lavish entertaining; leaders of society in the city, loathe to take half-way measures where parties are concerned, would rather forego a celebration than compromise."

Quite a few of this society crowd live in the La Paz district, worth a 10 centavo ride in a calesa. You can also ride to Molo, noted for its fine biscuits and pancit (thin noodles) ~~or to the gardens at Arevalo. Villa Beach~~ is a popular resort, but I liked the swimming better two hours away in San Joaquin, where lived the Volunteers I was visiting.

There are three more major Filipino cities--Tacloban, Bacoled and Butuan--but I never got there. However, I can tell you a little about them.

Tacloban, Leyte was made historic by the famous military landings made during World War II, MacArthur's famed "return" to rout the Japanese, on October 20, 1944.

* MANILA TIMES, Weekly Women's Magazine, May 6, 1960

The San Juanico strait, so narrow that people on either side can talk with each other across it, has been described in geography books as one of the most beautiful waterways in the world. There are gleaming white beaches, with water so crystal clear you can make out the shells at the sea bottom.

Another city boasting memorable resort areas is Bacolod, the capital of Negros Occidental. Six kilometers from the city is the Santa Fe resort, which has a huge swimming pool, resthouses, a little zoo, eating pavilions and a river that runs all around it. Roca Encantada (Enchanted Rock) is a vacation resort on the near-by island of Guimaras.

Two good hotels are the Bascom, with a dining room combo, and the Sea Breeze. Bacolod has its own symphony orchestra, something no other city, except Manila, can say. It's also famous for its diwal clams, about 5 inches long and 1 inch wide.

Butuan City, one of Mindanao's boom towns, is located at the mouth of the turbulent Agusan River. Visitors are encouraged to take an exciting safari up the Agusan River, where it flows into the marshes, virgin jungle and manoro floating villages. Its citizens thrive on the lumber industry--logs from the Philippines bring a good price.

Finally, the visitor with time might also want to take in the Muslim city of Marawi in Lanao Province, Mindanao. High quality brasswares are sold in the market, and the awesome Maria Cristina Falls are not far away. There's the beautifully landscaped town of Dumaguete, Negros Oriental, the home of the renowned Siliman University. ~~for information~~

The Town

We usually stopped in Tagbilaran only en route to Cebu City, but we were occasionally invited to a social function or athletic meet in the town itself. At first, we stayed at the Tagbilaran Hotel - afterwards, we were invited to stay over by people whom we met.

As ladies of leisure during these rare occasions, we'd stop off first at Esther's Beauty Salon, where we were treated royally. Only then did we feel prepared to socialize with the very attractive young women and men about town.

One week^{end} we were invited to attend a basketball game, in which our able PCV boys (including a former All-American) were playing a local college team. That afternoon, I went water-skiing for the first, and last, time. Anabel had water-skied before and our Filipino companions were extremely proficient. I enjoyed myself immensely, but wasn't a picture of grace or dexterity. Anabel disputes my claim, but I really believe I did stay atop the water once for 10 seconds, a dubious claim to fame. Despite our interest, though, we never did get another opportunity, mostly for lack of time, to improve our style.

(Sept.'62) When all of a sudden you find yourself one of four, unmarried American females on an island, whoopee! never in New York was my social life such a whirl. Filipino men are most charming. We're escorted around the capital by at least five or six gentlemen wherever we go...

Father Neri, Guindulman's Roman Catholic pastor, had built a tennis court near the church, challenging all comers. I played several times a week those first few months, having somewhat more proficiency than as a water-skier. My "reputation" began, unfortunately, to spread around the island, and, I was asked

to play in a number of tournaments, including a highly publicized meet between the tennis clubs of Tagbilaran and that of Cebu City.

(Oct.'62) My partner and I faced Captain Segura, a well-known Cebu player, and his pretty daughter, Erlinda, who I believe was an Amateur Singles champion. Most of the PCV's on Bohol were there at the Tagbilaran courts. Our boys had played another Boholano basketball team the night before, and won, so both the prestige of Bohol and the Peace Corps were at stake and I had a lot of pressure on me. But I guess I'm so used to being stared at when I play in Guindulman, that I was perfectly relaxed on the court (after a few wild shots during practice) and Erlinda, an 18-year old medical student, wasn't. We won a close game; I was pleased to get the final point on a play at the net, my favorite position. Miss Segura told me afterwards that tournaments terrify her...

Miss Segura is now the wife of Jay McCrae, the PCV originally assigned in Batuan, Bohol. They met that day.

Weekends were unpredictable. Besides our one attempt at water-skiing, the tennis tournaments and basketball games, we received several invitations to attend Provincial Athletic Meets. In Tagbilaran, they were a sort of Junior Olympics by day and Amateur Hour by night. Asian Olympic track star Mona Suleiman attended one of these meets, thrilling the always large crowds with her prowess.

That first year, I was a judge in the provincial Declamation Contest, where finalists from three units representing all areas of the island competed against one another. Anabel had the job of ribboner, while some of the boys acted as coaches or referees for the different sporting events.

(Nov.'62) Unit II, of which Guindulman is a part, came in first in the Rondallia, a musical representation. The most exciting event, and the final one, is the dance contest. We were especially interested because Unit II ~~was composed~~ representation was composed solely of Guindulman teachers doing a native dance, the Ilocano Anasodi. In the group were Mr. Abrenilla, Inday and Caridad Peligrino, Flor Castrodos, Paz Castro, and other friends from Guindulman schools - so we all cheered very loudly and they won. It was a triumphal trip home!..

Another evening, Holy Name College presented "The Sound of Music", starring our friend Mariano Corales, a fine production we thoroughly enjoyed. Particularly our Inday - it was the first 'live' theatre she had ever seen that could be considered 'professional'.

At the following year's meet, Anabel was again ribboner, but this time I was asked to join the staff in the announcers' booth. I wrote about that to my parents...

(Dec.'63) I took over the mike for about three hours, conveying to the fans information about track and field events and other activities. It was funny at times - words badly mispronounced by the most educated Filipinos happened to come up and startled looks came my way in the booth as I carefully pronounced them correctly. Some people commented afterwards that your daughter was the only announcer they could understand. I even said the names right. Mary Ryan was also supposed to be an announcer, but her admittedly fractured pronunciation of names convinced her she'd better not get near the microphone.

Inday was very chic in a new dress, high heels, makeup and dark glasses. When Mr. Virador, the English Supervisor, traipsed through the grandstand with a guest ribbon just for her (arranged

for the previous evening) people asked each other who she was.

Fiesta

"For sheer extravagance, wanton mass spending and wasteful consumption of food and drinks, no other occasion can compare with the town fiesta in all its dubious glory," said one Filipino magazine writer.

Fiestas in the Philippines go back to pre-Spanish times when week-long feasts corresponded with celebrations of the ancient pagan religion. After conversion to Christianity, a few of the pagan ceremonials were infused into some rituals of the Roman Catholic church. This synthesis brought forth new religious usages, incorporating the chief characteristics of both religions. Among them was the faithful observance of the feast days of the town patron saints.

In its present form, the town fiesta is a public holiday celebrated with processions, Masses and novenas, plus beauty contests, dances, parades, floats, outdoor musical shows, fireworks, cockfights, and other athletic games and contests. Brothers, sisters, son, daughters, cousins, who may have been working in another town or on another island come home for family reunion. Each of the families compete with one another to entertain their guests and friends.

Weeks prior to the town fiesta, new furniture is purchased; houses are redecorated; wardrobes are replenished; old or broken kitchenware is replaced; bottles of rum and beer are bought; foodstuffs begin to be gathered.

A continuous and almost unending stream of lavish food and guests on the day of the fiesta is customary. This lavish spending, according to most sociologists, is considered one of the most serious stumbling blocks to the progress of the Philippines as a nation.

"The desire of the people to hold expensive town fiestas may be attributed to their 'bahala na' attitude (come what may), the 'gulong ng palad' (wheel of fortune) belief and the 'hiya' (shame) mentality, or loss of face.* The 'come what may' attitude impels the people to spend money in a carefree manner, regardless of their future, which they place in the hands of God, fate and the government. The 'wheel of fortune' belief is related to the cyclic philosophy of other Asian peoples. It states that life is an alternating series of good fortunes and bad, like the turn of the wheel. The Filipinos consider the town fiesta as the symbol of good days, in contrast to the hardship and poverty they experience during the rest of the year. The 'shame' mentality springs from their fear that non-participation in town fiestas may lower their social position in the eyes of friends and relatives."

Whatever the arguments pro and con, we were invited to many fiestas during our two years. Most invitations came in May or September, when feast-days in our area occurred.

It seemed that shortly after our arrival, preparations had begun in Guindulman for the September fiesta.

(Aug.'62) Anabel's practicing the Ilocano Anasodi. Mr. Abrenilla is her partner. I'll be in 'civilian' dress and shall be expected to Twist. Saturday's the official day of the fiesta, with "Mass, bells and fireworks", according to the program. I was also invited to play in the tennis tournament between Guindulman and Carmen, a municipality in the interior, nestled among the famed Chocolate Hills. We'll be visiting many homes and practicing the custom of 'bring house', which means that as you leave each house, you have to take some food with you.

(Sept.'62)...the fiesta is over, the pastries are getting stale and I'm slowly recovering from indigestion...

During that Friday night's dance, ^{we} were out on the dance floor almost four straight hours. High point of the evening was the crowning of Miss Guindulman, which I was called on to do, assisted by Governor Esteban Bernido, amidst fireworks and flashing bulbs. Beauty queens in the Philippines usually come from rich families, since votes are paid for. Therefore, the more votes a contestant receives, the more money has been put up for her.

Saturday was the day of the parade and floats - and eating. There were also baptisms on fiesta. I was called upon to be the godmother of Jocelyn Liao, eleventh child of Dr. & Mrs. Felipe Liao. In addition to his practice, Dr. Liao's a municipal councillor and Mrs. Liao a barrio captain of the poblacion.

After sumptuous noon meals came my much-heralded tennis exhibition, played at 2 p.m. under a broiling sun on what was surely the hottest day on Bohol since we arrived. Facing collapse or sunstroke or both, I managed to hold on just long enough for my partner to take the brunt of the play and still come off on top. For an hour afterwards, I lay inert on our hostess' bed, barely able to breathe normally. Then, so as not to displease anyone, we continued to visit those homes we had promised to stop at, taking a few more mouthfuls of food at each house.

I was never so sick again in the Philippines as I was that night.

But I came close the following January, after a fiesta in Guinacot..

We were invited by head teacher Demetrio Berou to his house for the celebration. They served delicious Filipino fiesta fare, which resembles the Indonesian Rifstafel, with rice and twenty or so

other dishes, mostly pork and beef, with different tastes and spices, both sweet and sour. There were crabs and shrimp, too, but not other fish, never served on a 'special occasion.'

The evening's programs - dances, speeches, a one-act drama in Visayan and coronation of the Fiesta Queen, were not yet under-way, so we were taken visiting. At Mrs. Dolores Bayron's house, we ran into the Governor and his charming wife and chatted pleasantly for about forty-five minutes.

Then the Governor arose and we thought it was time for the program to begin. Ah, no!

A new, fantastic spread of food was ready for the guests and we were expected to eat another complete meal. Since Mrs. Bayron's table had almost a completely different set of delicacies, we overcame our initial hesitation and indulged.

(Jan.'63) During fiestas people go from house to house, sampling all the good food. Some reform politicians, with whom I reluctantly agree, believe that the custom should be modified, as people often go into debt, mortgage their houses, etc., in order to set a good table.

And we've got another coming up next weekend in Valencia, invited by Chuck and Ron!

After these experiences, we learned to eat something at home first, to cut our hunger, then sparingly at each house we were expected to visit.

Fiesta was really more like Christmas, with families getting together. People were not always given time off from their jobs away from home to be with their families at Christmas or Easter, but they were always given the time at fiesta.

(Sept.'63) Inday's brother from Cagayan will be coming home this Wednesday and the Mapangs are excited. They haven't seen him since last year. Their house is our headquarters this year, since Inday's helping her mother in the kitchen.

Fiesta Queens

Anabel and I became involved with one Fiesta Queen contest, since Inday's popular sister Bertang (Alberta) was a candidate, for the barrio fiesta to be held in May.

(April '64) The benefit dance was held in front of our house last Saturday night. Each of the six candidates invited as many ladies to the dance as they thought would attract boys. Standard procedure is to serve dinner to those girls who've been invited. (Boys are never invited; it is only hoped they'll come). Then each candidate leads her troupe to the fray. Once there, boys must buy tickets - at ten centavos a dance - choosing whoever they like. However, if they choose one of Bertang's invited girls, the money goes in Bertang's column; if they choose another, that candidate gets the votes (ten centavos is ten votes).

All the money doesn't go to the candidates - half goes to the Barrio Council for improvements and half to the candidates. In order to keep count, each candidate has a 'collector', a person who stops the couple briefly in the middle of a number to get the ticket from the boy. Inday always collects since she doesn't like to dance. We were asked by Bertang to dance for her; I finally relented, promising to dance for her several weeks later at another benefit. We were supposedly good money-makers since the boys liked to dance with the Americanos...

Bertang did the best business at the dances, but lost the contest, since wealthy relatives pledged a great deal of money for the other girls in another facet of the 'Queen' election procedure.

Even if we had wanted to, we couldn't afford to significantly assist Bertang financially. We gave as much moral support as we could, one of the few times as Volunteers that we publicly took sides in any election or contest.

Most of our social activities centered in and around Guindulman, but we sometimes accepted invitations to other towns, as long as they weren't to dances. We had had enough of them during the two months immediately after our arrival.

Jagna, a lively port town, staged a number of programs...

(Feb.'63) We were invited by Dr. Cero (town dentist and tennis-playing friend) for a program that began at 8:30 p.m. and went on and on, including songs, dances and two one-act dramas. The first, "Boholano Astronaut", was hilarious (what I could understand, that is); and the second, "Pagabot sa Peace Corps" - The Arrival of the Peace Corps. We squirmed just a little at that one because of some satiric thrusts, but it was all in fun. Didn't get home until 2 a.m., courtesy of Dr. Salas, who drove us home. In the provinces, 2 a.m. is LATE!

The following month we again journeyed to Jagna to hear a concert given by a famed Filipino concert violinist named Cabayo. Inday came along, too, and was very excited by her first concert. That program, in addition to Holy Name's "The Sound of Music" and "The Music Man" in Tagbilaran, were the only live programs that we saw on Bohol those two years.

In another vein, we went to the cockpit only once. Cockfighting wasn't as gruesome as I expected, but it was bloody and I didn't like to see the blades attached to the legs of the cocks.

PCV's Get Together

One weekend I traveled into the interior to visit Jack and Jeanette Lynch in Bilar...

(Dec.'62) This past weekend I found myself doing a wild pirate's dance around a Girl Scout campfire, after making an impromptu speech on internationalism (or some such thing). After playing tennis in Talibon, at Father Neri's invitation, I hitched a ride on the Bohol ice truck (a bridge had washed out), seeing more of Boholano country. What a ride! We stopped every once in a while to deliver ice and the people stared at their first Americano. The road from Talibon to Bilar is not the main provincial road circling the island, hence not too pleasant. I am grateful to the driver of the ice truck, though. I learned afterwards that transportation up in that area of Bohol is infrequent and undependable - I might have been stranded if he hadn't offered me a ride...

Volunteers on our side of the island didn't like to go east away from Tagbilaran, so we'd visit PCV households going in to the capital. Hence, Mark and Howard came down to visit us more often than we ever got to Candijay or Alicia. And we stopped in at Chuck and Ron's in Valencia more frequently than they came to Guindulman. Their house, though small, was so located as to be a meeting-place outside of Tagbilaran, reasonably accessible to all but four PCV's (the two Marys, Don and Maury). Perhaps that's why Badiang Springs, just outside of Valencia, was chosen as the place for Sargent Shriver to meet Volunteers assigned on Bohol. Teachers from Chuck's school, and Valencia officials prepared a gala spread while Mr. Shriver, Dr. Larry Fuchs (then PC Philippines Director), journalist Doug Kiker, and Dick Graham, PC public affairs officer, chatted with us about our activities.

For five weeks during August and September of '62, Director Shriver toured the Far East to find out how Volunteers were performing. We were but 16 of the 300 Volunteers he spoke with on that trip.

Often, our PCV gatherings were a combination of discussion and socializing, as was one long weekend on Sandigan Island, Don Chaul's place (Maurice had moved into Loon proper).

(Aug. '63) All Boholano PCV's, plus Headquarters' guests were present at Don's house, located on another island off Bohol, although there's a causeway running out from the mainland. PCV Leader Dick Vittitow had a birthday and treated us to steaks, with all the trimmings. Huge T-bones, baked potatoes, and a real salad with lettuce, and fresh butter, too, were brought by Dick from Cebu. The following night we had skewered beef with tomatoes and onions over a charcoal spit. On Saturday we had a picnic at another nearby island, after a 45-minute motor launch ride. What a beautiful island, with its white, white beach and clear water, no rocks, a Moorish Tower up the beach and a tasty picnic lunch. Everyone enjoyed the rest and the food - immensely.

I can't speak personally about other Volunteers on other islands, but our relationships with each other were casual and friendly. Despite several attachments during training, none of the PCV's in our group married each other. Dick married a PCV from another group. Kathy Kolar in Cebu married a Filipino and five of the boys married Filipinas (Jay McCrae, Bill Abbey and Don Chauls from Bohol; Casey Ames and Karl Nelson from Cebu). Life in Peace Corps, Philippines was governed by the social mores of our host country, limiting, but probably necessary.

Twice during our stay, we had PCV's visit us as part of their field trips. Paula Hagan, eventually assigned to Leyte, and Marilyn Palmer, assigned to Dumaguete, were our guests for several weeks. During Paula's stay, Bill and Mark came over to meet her, staying overnight. Just before Marilyn left, Howard gave a party for her at his house in Alicia. Some of Howard's friends came over with guitars and ukeleles, so we all contributed solos or duets to the proceedings. Anabel and I did my favorite, "Kamingaw Sa Payag" (How Lonely in my Hut).

Dr. Pedro Mende, a friend of Mark's from Candijay, had a beach house built in Cabantian, several kilometers from Guindulman, which we were free to use whenever we wished.

We had a combination birthday party there one Saturday in June for any Group IV Volunteers interested in celebrating with us. My birthday was Thursday, the 27th, Mark's was Saturday, the 29th and Anabel's fell on the following Tuesday, July 2, so between the three of us we arranged as tasty a celebration as was possible.

The beach house was ideally situated a few hundred yards from the sea. If you weren't interested in lying in the sun, there was a nice, breezy, bamboo house to retreat to. The day was lovely, but at night it rained all over us, slanting in through the front opening. It was the one and only time we stayed overnight.

Most often, on a holiday or weekend, we'd bring a picnic lunch, transistor radio and dominoes, spend a few relaxing hours, then catch a truck back to Canhaway around 4 p.m. Usually, a number of our neighbors would join us, each contributing some kind of food or drink. They liked the place as much as we did, and a picnic was the signal for a real "happy-happy."

Weekends, after awhile, were not so unpredictable. In the beginning, we had been invited to so many parties, dances, fiestas, and welcoming programs, that we didn't have the chance to get to know the people in our barrio. It was with them, though, that we spent the greatest amount of our leisure time. It was they who filled whatever void of loneliness might have existed within us. Once they learned to know us, and we them, we turned down innumerable invitations to activities outside the barrio. We just didn't care to go.

The Barrio

(Oct.'62) The past weekend we decided to stay home for a change and we had a delightful time, swimming, playing softball and badminton and generally being lazy. We really prefer being with our barrio friends. Any town affair of some consequence seems to demand our presence to 'make' the evening for the host, but invitations from within the barrio are directed to us for ourselves.

Inday and Pedie weren't in school that first year, so our evenings were most often free.

(Oct.'62) The nights have been extremely warm, forcing us out-of-doors. The moon was so bright the other night that all our neighbors were out and we practiced some of the native dances on the concrete path to the school.

We sit up on Relaxation Hill, behind the school, with the Abrenillas and other neighbors, singing both Visayan and American songs, to the accompaniment of boys' guitars and children's laughter, as they scamper in and out of the moonlight...

We learned to know the young people little by little...

(Nov.'62) Today we climbed the hill rising for quite a distance behind our house. It's not an Everest, but for this New

Yorker, it was at least a Kilimanjaro. We visited one of Pedie's friends, Digus Pelinio, and were treated to an exquisite view of Guindulman Bay and its Sorrentoish isthmus, in addition to chicken adobo at the Pelinio house. Both going and coming, the rain demonstrated its virtuosity, so coming back, we did the native scene, going barefoot. Try and picture me slipping and sliding through mountain mud, still a tenderfoot despite the fact that I've toughened the soles of my feet by playing softball barefoot with the barrio kids on the schoolgrounds, as well as by sloshing around in the rice paddies two hours one hot afternoon trying to harvest rice. We may never teach the kids good English, but we might learn how to be farmers.

Although we tried to avoid dances, we felt obliged to attend several and didn't mind the barrio affairs too much because we were surrounded by friends. At these fund-raising dances, girls were sponsored by someone, otherwise they couldn't participate.

(Nov.'62) Inday's uncle sponsored us and was very proud because we earned more money than anybody, mostly since they made the poor boys pay extra in order to dance with us, going as high as a peso for the 'honor' of dancing the Twist! Those daring enough, (so many trembled when they danced with us) had an expensive evening. A peso is a great deal of money for the average barrio boy.

Inday collected tickets and managed to 'forget' to collect when Pedie or one of his friends danced with us, for which we were grateful.

Dances not held on or near school grounds take place in the middle of the main road, since there is rarely any kind of traffic after 8 p.m. Looks something like a stateside block party, except that coconut trees, not tenements, form the backdrop.

All the older girls in Mr. and Mrs. Abrenillas' classes - fifteen and sixteen year-olds, were absent from class on Friday in order to get their ^{hair} done and ^{to} primp for the dance. Dances are something special, one of the few entertainments barrio people can enjoy, and everyone looked very dressed up and attractive. It could have been a Saturday-night dance in Anywhere, U.S.A., except that watchful relatives ringed the sidelines. Grandmothers, cousins, parents, and young children all go to a dance to watch. I suspect that they have as good a time as those they're watching.

During this weekend, there'll be celebrations in honor of San Isidro. We'll attend as residents of the barrio.

Believe me when I tell you that these parties are a world apart from the many earlier affairs. Those were sometimes painful, particularly when we had to smile for three hours straight and never refuse to dance in order not to offend some bigwig. Here we go because we want to, since we know the people'// who'll be attending.

Around Christmas time, a series of amateur nights were held in our barrio for nine consecutive evenings, following novena at the Santa Lucia chapel. There aren't any priests attending, but the people sing what I suppose is liturgical music of sorts, accompanied by a guitar. One of the amateur nights was devoted to the children, the second to the teenagers and the third to married couples, with eliminations conducted, respectively, on succeeding nights. Everybody sang, good or bad, though most Filipinos are good. They always made me a judge, figuring I'd be impartial, since everyone else was related to one another. The sitio of Santa Lucia was comprised of about twenty-five families, most of whom were named Bersabal, Bernaldez, Berou or Pelinio.

As ashamed as the children were about answering in a classroom, by the time they were ten or eleven, they'd get up and sing publicly, nerveless, because they'd done it naturally from birth. Sounds of music were always floating across the school grounds as the children sang in the classrooms. They tried to get me to sing, but I evaded their requests successfully (although I secretly practiced several Visayan songs, just in case).

Birthday parties occurred at frequent intervals. Usually, the celebrant was tucked into bed or hid in another room, refusing to face the Americanos, but there was one party in which the celebrant was a few hundred miles away. Each year that Inday's brother Teoy (Teodoro) was away in Cagayan de Oro, the family celebrated his birthday in absentia...

(Mar.'63) We had a hilarious time. When the older folks drink tuba they become very gay, insist on dancing the Twist and Mashed Potato and become less shy at recalling the English they learned in school years ago, mixed-up but delightful. Naturally Mateo and Jo-Jo, the Mapang's dog, were in the middle of everything.

That was but one of the many happy times we had at the Mapang's house.

The PCV party at the beach house was the third of four birthday celebrations that June of '63. We invited the Peligrinos, the Abrenillas, the Liaos and other town people for lunch one afternoon. The next day we served merienda (coffee, cakes and cokes) for the barrio folks, those neighbors who would be too ashamed to come to something at which town people were present. On Anabel's birthday, we had another merienda for the Canhaway and Guinacot teachers. In this way could we try to return some of the hospitality that had been extended to us.

I remember reading in the news magazines about the 50-mile hike craze. We had our own version.

Anabel was completing her plans to spend a month of her summer vacation up in Lombog, the farthest barrio from Guindulman. She expected to teach English and Art, as well as concentrate on mastering the dialect. She'd bought Minding to travel up there, since the final three miles up the side of the mountain consisted of cowpaths not wide enough or passable enough for a jeep.

(April '63) Yesterday, Pedie, Inday, Anabel and I took some of her books, packages and clothes up to Lombog, since she'll be on horseback when she makes the final trip. We began our journey in a neighbor's cargo truck. He got stuck a third of the way up in huge ruts that big-wheeled trucks cut into the mud. So we hiked a mile with all the cartons to a spot where the next truck would come. When it did, we piled our things on, amidst a few hundred other boxes, bottles, poultry and babies that were riding the cargo truck with their parents, and, continued, petrified, along our way.

We were afraid of the ruts, fearing any moment that the truck would turn over on its side, crushing the men holding onto the sides, as it rocked precariously back and forth. So we bounced and battered ourselves further up the mountain, stopping a number of times to dig out from under. Finally, we reached Mayuga, the barrio next to Lombog, the farthest the truck could progress.

Hauling down our packages, we proceeded to pull, push, drag and sweat our way up the mountain to this barrio, which is quite lovely except for its inaccessibility. Because of mountain streams, it even has running water.

The trip up took us four hours.

Coming back, we decided there was no point in taking the truck down again, since we had nothing to carry and we could take a few short cuts across mountain streams.

Altogether, we must have walked about 18 miles, which isn't much during this 50 mile hike craze, but we had no smooth, paved level roads to break any records on. The last few miles coming down were exhausting, but we had no real incidents along the way. (I lost my footing crossing over the rocks in a mountain stream, but just got my feet wet). Anabel, with her fair complexion, did get too much sun and she suffered a little before we hobbled into Guindulman.

We made it in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours coming back, beating the truck which started down about the same time as we did.

Today we have a few muscle aches, but not really enough to get much sympathy over...

Our leisure activities weren't always so strenuous. Many Filipinos are expert chess and domino players. In our barrio, dominoes was the dominant pasttime, particularly among the ladies, who, on a Sunday afternoon, would bring their centavos to a neighbor's sari-sari store and play all afternoon. Our playing cards also wore out fast. It was difficult to read for too long a time under a Petromax lantern, so we played local card games, in addition to sevens, blackjack and poker, dominoes, or junior scrabble.

Every once in a while, somebody had a party...

(July '63) There was a party in our barrio the other night. Mrs. Abrenilla/ had a birthday and invited Anabel, Inday and I for panihapon (dinner). Afterwards we sat around and talked and then some of the more spirited neighbors began dropping in and the dancing started, alternating between American Twists and the native curatsa, a dance simulating a man chasing a woman...

Or we made our own party...

(Sept.'63) Yesterday was Sunday. We had an interesting breakfast of roasted corn at 9 a.m. Of course 9 a.m. is almost the middle of the day here so it wasn't ~~xxxxx~~ unusual to have

such a repast at that time. We hiked to the next sitio, working up an appetite, started a fire using old coconut husks and threw the young corn down on top of the coals. Delicious!

Who needed parties?

(Feb.'64) It's noisy around here now, about 8 p.m., shortly after dinner. Anabel is using my typewriter. Merla is using the other typewriter for her lesson. Naring is running around trying to avoid a huge "alibangbang" (bat-size butterfly) whic flew in a few minutes ago, and Inday is rattling the dishes. All we need now is a fight between Mateo and Ming...

We rarely planned our leisure time, which so often was intertwined with some project or other one of us was working on. We'd be sitting at the table scratching out lesson plans, or reading or giving typing lessons when out of the night came the strains of a guitar being plucked and young, male voices raised in song.

We were again being serenaded, a most pleasant custom. We'd stop our work and sit by the window listening to the lilting Visayan songs of love and loneliness. We liked "Gimingaw Ako" (I'm Lonely), written by our friend, Fred Peligrino, one of Mr.P's sons. I understand that Paul Anka once expressed an interest in the song. Friends who've heard it here think it's a lovely piece of music and should be recorded in the States.

The only popular recording of ^a Filipino song that I've heard played in the States is Jerry Vale's excellent rendition of "Dahil Sa Iyo" (Because of You - not to be confused with Tony Bennett's record) which is a Tagalog favorite that I understand was also popular with U.S. servicemen during World War II.

During one lunch hour, a group of talented 6th graders congregated on our steps and sang all my favorites, which I recorded on tape.

We recorded several of our serenades, too, and invited the boys upstairs on occasion to sing for us. Girls rarely serenaded, except if they were in a nutty mood. Bertang, Inday and their friends would regale us with laughter and song. Even we ventured forth to disturb our neighbors a couple of times, to their vast amusement. They also enjoyed an impromptu serenade one evening by Mark Summers and his friends.

Whenever we visited the Peligrinos, which was often, we were likely to end up singing or learning another Filipino dance. The Peligrino household was as lively and peppy a home as I've ever visited. We'd clown with the girls, play with the grandchildren or clumsily attempt to master the graceful hand movements required in Filipino dancing. Naturally we always had a wide-eyed, vocal audience who enjoyed our pretentious attempts no matter how ineptly we performed.

Filipinos are, however, very critical of any serious representation of a native song or dance. When Anabel was a part of the group who performed the intricate "Ilocano Anasodi", the crowd was pleased, but watchful. Only after she proved how well she could master the steps did they offer praise. They demanded perfection from their performers and held back their applause if a performance fell short. That is why I believe the Bayanihan Folk Dancers are such a joy to watch.

In the barrio, the only entertainment other than the dances were programs held at the barrio schools. Besides the inevitable speeches, individual teachers would prepare representations by their students for the program. There~~ø~~ was at least one solo and one four-part chorus for a major program, plus one or two native dances using both lower and upper graders. Only the little ones could be excused their mistakes. At Canhaway, Socorro Peligrino,

Fred's wife, who had an exceptional operatic voice, also had her Toy Orchestra, where the children used all manner of objects to make music.

No one had to be asked to come to these programs. We might receive invitations to attend, but parents, relatives and all barrio folk would wander over to the schoolgrounds, sometimes coming great distances on foot to see the show. Of course, you'd think the program a failure, as we did at first, if you went to the stage area five minutes before a program was scheduled to begin and found no one there.

This is what is called Filipino time. It can be one, two or more hours after anything is scheduled to begin. No one is ever specific about when something will be ready or what time people who say they will be coming at 7 p.m. will actually arrive. Trying to guess the right ~~xx~~ arrival time was a great game we usually lost.

Hiking, walking, softball, tennis, swimming, badminton, basketball - these were the physical activities that occupied our time. But the greatest of these was softball. We'd received a bat and ball from PeaceCorps (that first ball didn't last long and neither did the second, contributed by Anabel's parents).

We'd go marching over to the schoolgrounds to start a game, and soon the word would spread. Young boys and girls, older boys and girls, mothers, fathers and grandfathers came to watch or play. Nobody cared about the score in these contests - but they'd get excited over running and base stealing, particularly if Anabel or I were involved. (We'd play on opposite teams) After a few innings, Anabel and I would drop out, letting others take over. Just before the sun went ~~down~~ all the way down, the youngest members of the community able to wield a bat finally got in their licks after waiting patiently all afternoon. In this society, age afforded

precedence - the young didn't rule their roosts.

There were contests where everybody cared about the score, because money was involved. Weekends in March, April and May were dominated by inter-barrio softball play.

(Apr.'64) Played softball again today - second weekend in a row. This time we won, defeating the Guinacot girls. I'm the regular first baseman; Inday is pitcher, Merla, Bertang and Tacion also in the infield, Timie catching, and girls from other sitios filling out the team. Inday's cousin Poping (Santifa) keeps both the score and the money. I put 30 centavos into the pot for Inday, Bertang and myself. Few can afford more than ten centavos - the pot rarely includes more than P2.00. Young mothers often join in, making Papa hold the baby while they turn into outfielders.

Of course the boys' games are the main attraction, ^{and} we act as cheerleaders for them. Then Mama holds the baby.

I was the Mickey Mantle of the regulars, not in hitting or fielding, but with the leg injuries I managed to come home with. I'd had hip trouble long ago, now aggravated by beating out an infield hit. We had walked nearly three miles to the field in Guinacot (I could afford the truck ride, but not all my teammates had both ten centavos for betting and ten centavos for the truck). Now it was after 5 p.m.; we could expect no more trucks back to Canhaway, so Inday and the others hung onto me as I painfully started home. Fortunately, less than halfway there, the town's one tartanilla appeared magically from nowhere and we were able to ride the rest of the way, that time. The next time I pulled a muscle I had to walk all the way back.

But, two weeks later, back on the field.

Courtship and Marriage

So many letters from home asked me the question, "How's your social life in the barrio?"

Our early social relationships were formed outside the barrio. Within the barrio, most unmarried boys were much too young for me, though not for Anabel. That minor problem didn't bother the local swains, however.

I had one experience in which I committed a beauty of a faux pas. Our neighbors, the Olamits, had invited us to a "swinging" barrio party - a gay evening of singing, dancing and drinking tuba. We danced with boys of all ages - fifteen to sixty.

During the course of the evening, a young man named Milliton asked Inday to dance. Now Inday had spoken to me earlier about a friend of hers named Milliton who cared for her and who was expected to come to the party. She'd also asked me if she could invite him to our house and I'd said, certainly.

While they were dancing, I thought to myself that here would be a perfect opportunity to invite this boy to the house. He asked me for the next dance. I thought it strange that he tried to hold me so close (the boys from our barrio treated us quite respectfully; it wasn't considered very proper to dance too close), since he was supposedly courting Inday, but I invited him anyway, for the following Monday evening. Inday gave me a queer look when I told her of my invitation, but didn't say anything. Throughout the rest of the evening, Milliton behaved in a manner that made me wonder why Inday liked him. Our previous discussions of men had led me to believe that she was very particular about the kind of man she would be interested in. She didn't like drinkers, or men who were unkind or coarse, so I was puzzled.

The puzzle was solved after the party. I had invited the wrong Milliton! And now he would be coming to our house on Monday, and, as we learned shortly, he was bragging to all his friends that I had invited him for myself!

This story quickly got around the barrio and everybody was enjoying the joke at my expense.

What should I do? We debated a long time, then decided the truth was best. First, though, I suggested to Inday that she drop a note to the 'real' Milliton and ask him, too, to come Monday night. Anabel had left for her language course in Cebu the day after the party, so I wrote to her, telling the outcome of that difficult Monday...

(Nov.'62) The two Millitons arrived looking very spruce. M.P. ('my' gentleman) was on his best behavior, very sober. Pedie and Digus were in the kitchen. The four of us in the sala talked about the problem of the young people in the barrio finding work and how it is necessary for them to get together to get anything purposeful accomplished.

After awhile, Pedie and Digs went out on the porch. Immediately, M.P. asked to speak with me privately. (All these conversations were a mixture of Visayan and English).

Before he had the opportunity to speak, I quickly told him about my "mistake" in confusing him with Milliton B. He barely listened and couldn't wait for me to finish, to tell me that he was madly in love with me! I almost laughed in his face, but tried, as gently as possible, to tell him that he was a liar. But, as we both know, just as a Filipino will tell you only what ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ he thinks you want to hear, it follows that he also will listen only to what he wants to hear, so all my protestations were not absorbed. He even asked me if I loved him, too. All my New

York repartee died in my throat unsaid as I stared blankly at him...

Inday said to me afterwards that Filipino men often got carried away by the thought of romance, and that M.P. might really have believed he loved me. I dubiously accepted her explanation, but was not surprised when I never heard from this young man again.

Another relationship lasted quite a bit longer. This fellow, Enrico (not his real name), was a college graduate from Cebu City who was assigned to Guindulman as part of his job. He became a frequent visitor to our house, alone, or with a few of his friends, seeking, he said, "intelligent conversation." He appeared to have been bored with the people in town.

I suppose he fancied that I was his Princess Charming. He was a very pleasant person, but I did just about everything short of being ^{im-}polite to discourage his coming. When he came on week nights, he was forced to sit and watch us work on our homework or Inday's homework.

(Sept.'63) Inday says he looks like the Blessed Virgin not yet blessed by God.

In this country, you don't ask a girl out because there's no place to go if you don't live in the city. So boys visit. In other homes, there are mothers to screen the callers or gently push them out the door, but I don't know what to do. Perhaps he'll get the hint one of these days..."

He never did. Once, he elicited a great deal of sympathy because, in going home from our house, his bicycle crashed into the side of the road and he was bruised and cut up. I got a letter from him some time later referring to the accident:

"Ger, if you're thinking that I already forget you, I promise that will never happen. You will always have a place in my heart and you will stay with me as the scar on my left eye."

Enrico continued coming, until finally, spurred on by Anabel and Inday, I got up the nerve to confess that my feelings for him weren't the same as his for me. He departed quietly, looking hurt, but Inday said that it was necessary to tell him then, before he became emboldened with any serious proposal. It seemed that in the provinces, at least, the average boy would never make a serious proposition until he was sure of the girl's answer, despite the ritual of pretence still practiced.

In the early days, there was no courtship. When a young man planned to marry, he asked his parents to propose his love to the parents of the girl. The boys' parents usually looked for a go-between, the Dakong Tawo. This person went to the parents of the girl, bringing a silver peso as a token of sincerity. If the money was returned, the proposal was rejected. Then the Dakong Tawo and the boys' parents went back again with two one-peso pieces, reiterating the proposal. The money might again be returned. The third time, if the money was kept, the proposal was accepted. Clever parents told their daughter to return the peso coin even though she consented to the marriage proposal, in order to increase the amount the second and third times.

After the acceptance of the proposal, the boy was made to work for the girl's parents to test his ability to support a wife and family. The period of service might be long or short, depending on the desire of the ~~xx~~ girl's parents.

Up in Lombog, the custom was a little different. The father would ask his son to marry as early as possible so that he would live a life of ease, contentment and happiness. If the son was in favor of the advice, the father selected a woman. He would say: "You must marry Juana because her parents are rich; she is the only daughter." There were other forms of persuasion.

In Canhaway in the past, when a man was of marrying age, he didn't have to look for his partner. His parents would look for one they thought was ideal for their son. Then they themselves went to the girl's parents and talked about the matter. Nowadays, the man doesn't need to make as many visits to the girl's home, but the custom of the girl's parents asking for a piece of land, a carabao, or money from the man's parents, can still be found.

Anabel didn't escape entanglements, either. One evening, Inday Peligrino came for dinner, a brief respite for her before returning to the grind of second language demonstrations all over Bohol. She tuned Anabel's guitar and we sat around singing Visayan folk songs.

It was a pleasant evening, hilariously interrupted by one Juan Boss (nickname) who had written several impassioned pleas to Anabel, declaring his undying affection. In the last note, he enclosed his picture in uniform, giving Anabel the opportunity of examining his fine figure.

First, he stood outside and serenaded us, then wanted to come upstairs to "talk" to Anabel, but Inday P. prevailed upon him not to stay, as we were reviewing some 'schoolwork.'

Whenever we heard he was coming up the road, we'd all hide, because Anabel was so embarrassed with his attentions. The reason for this? Juan Boss' photo showed him in Insurrecto uniform (Spanish-Philippine War of 1898) and he was well over 80!

We certainly did get a variety of suitors.

Anabel did get seriously involved with, as you may have guessed, Pedie Mapang, several months her junior.

At first Pedie came to "court" with a group of his friends, as was the custom, until he became confident enough to come alone. From then on, like Inday, he was a member of our "family."

The four of us often went places together, and it wasn't long before the people in Canhaway, the people in Guindulman, the people in Candijay, the people in Jagna, etc.,etc.,etc, learned about their romance. Our neighbors were the only truly informed people, but stories of varying truth could be heard from all corners of Bohol.

We thought it must certainly have reached the attention of President Macapagal, but I guess there were even a few on Bohol still ignorant of the details. When Anabel left for Cebu and her language course, Pedie accompanied her to the midnight boat. Word got back the very next day from Tagbilaran that Anabel had been "kidnapped" by a 6th grade boy. Of course, they meant a boy who had only finished 6th grade, but the distortion was funny (to everyone but Pedie)*.

Anabel loved Pedie. We also both liked him immensely. He was an intelligent, sensitive, gentle boy, despite his great strength and athletic prowess. He was sometimes moody, but never mean or selfish. To me, he was like a brother and will always be so.

After thoughtfull consideration, they decided against marriage, but remained good friends until we left Bohol.

There is much I have left unsaid. Let it remain so.

Although I missed the chance of attending that wedding, I did get the opportunity to see and learn about Filipino weddings.

(Apr.'63) Attended my first wedding. There are two services, the regular and the special. I saw the first, between the daughter of a teacher and attorney (who's running for Mayor) and the brother of another teacher. The ceremony differed in several ways from that celebrated in the States.

*Rumors were always entertaining. Once we heard that a pair of PC girls had an arsenal of machine guns stashed away under their nipa hut.

First of all, there was no music before the bride entered on her father's arm, only after the ceremony was over (not organ music from the choir loft, either, but guitar and bass fiddle). In fact, the father and daughter were down the aisle before I had even realized they had entered the church. Bride and groom sat in special pews outside the altar rail with their godparents, not parents. The mother of the bride didn't even attend the wedding - she was too busy preparing the wedding breakfast.

Halfway through the ceremony, the bridesmaids and ushers, including best man, performed two ritual services, joining the couple using a white string. They themselves sat in the body of the church off to the sides, not with the couple.

There was a certain degree of informality connected with the whole thing. I was picked up at 5:30 a.m. (Mass was at 6 a.m.) by the car carrying the bride and her maids; along the way we picked up more people and she was slightly crushed by the pile of people in the back seat. This might be explained ~~that~~ by the fact that there is only one automobile in town, newly acquired by Mr. Peligrino, a spiffy 1949 Buick, I think.

After the wedding, we were hauled back to the bride's house, served chocolate and cakes first, then the meat, fish and special dishes prepared for the occasion.

I was home before 11 a.m.!

The next was a barrio affair on Thanksgiving Day (U.S.) One of Inday's cousins was married and we hiked up into the hills to attend the reception at her uncle's house. We didn't have turkey, of course, but the roast pig and beef tasted just as good.

The third time I was asked to be a "sponsor", a kind of bridesmaid.

(Feb.'64) Our landlady's nephew, Juanito, married the sister of one of our teachers, a special affair to which I was invited as sponsor. Had to attend Mass at 6:15 a.m., which entailed getting up last Sunday around 4:30 a.m. The bridesmaids don't accompany the bride down the aisle. I sat down in front with no pomp, then, with the eyes of the whole congregation on me, I had to get up, walk all the way to the altar (inside the railing) and pin the traditional veil on the bride's head and the boy's shoulder. Then, after returning to my seat, a short while later I had to return, as did the best man, and unpin the veil. As this is not an American custom, I feared that I might do something wrong, but nothing went amiss.

Imagine being told two days before a wedding that you're to be in the wedding party. Seems people are usually invited in person to a wedding only two or three days beforehand. Fortunately I was not required to have a very fancy dress. I decided to wear my modern Filipina dress, which was quite appropriate for the occasion, and caused a lot of comment.

Following is a formal theme assignment written by Inday. (I had started a pen-pal exchange with students from a junior high school near my home in New York, and asked my 6th graders to each write about a different custom or practice of Filipino life. Inday chose to enlighten me and those students with a detailed picture of ~~the~~ wedding and post-wedding practices;

In many ways, marriage customs have changed little over the years, but some peculiar practices still flourish.

There's a cave in barrio Guio-ang believed to be inhabited by supernatural persons, or fairies, supposed to be rich. Sometimes bridegrooms came to the cave to borrow wedding attire for their bride, as well as a set of silverware. After making their request aloud, moments later a wedding gown and a complete set of silverware was supposed to have been laid down. Nothing more was required except that everything had to be returned after the wedding day.

Many were supposed to have borrowed these items until a fateful day which ended the borrowing. That one time, a very "Hobog" (drunk) man vomited on some of the plates, which were forthwith washed but not, it seems, well enough for the fairies. For when the plates were returned, they all fell to pieces and never appear to have been replaced. The next time a man came to borrow, he found the entrance to the cave closed with a coffin. People can bring you to the cave ~~xx~~ even today and show you the place of the coffin.

People in Basdio believe that no man or woman is to be wedded during the last quarter of the moon because he or she would not prosper and something bad would happen to them. Generally, for three consecutive Sundays, as here, the proposed marriage is announced by the parish priest, except during the Lenten season.

There were superstitious beliefs connected with the marriage ceremony. During the church rites, the man held the candle higher than the woman's candle, so that he and not the wife would become the ruler of the family. Or, after the ceremony, either the bride or groom was secretly instructed to step on the other's foot; the first one to accomplish this was believed to gain domination over the other.

A YEAR IN TIME...AND MORE

We received an invitation to a cocktail party, our first such invitation in the barrio. Couldn't go. The party was on board a ship docked at Jagaa, at the invitation of the Norwegian captain, proffered by an American lady tourist who stopped by to see and examine two real live PCV's. We had to decline since there's no transportation back to our barrio after 5 p.m. in the afternoon. I suppose those hors d'oeuvres will have to wait until we terminate. Hope they don't get soggy. Ah, but New York has refrigeration. I wonder what else New York has these days.

I continue to reflect on how I will readjust to life in the United States. I've been leading such an anti-intellectual life. So many things that were once important and necessary are no longer worth the effort, or so it seems. I suspect that while physical New York may have changed a great deal, moral New York still suffers from whoring businessmen and Broadway sammies, running, running, running, toward a pinnacle of nothing.

There'll be many things I'll be leaving behind, including quite a bit of my heart.

I will miss the full moon forcing its way through coconut palms...

I will miss Filipino dances and the serenaders' pleas of musical loneliness, though I could do without Twist music on the radio...

I will miss the scampering piglets, chicks solemnly following mother hen and Mateo's soulful look of entreaty, though I won't miss people who eat dogs.

I will miss Inday Boang (crazy) and Peddie's laugh, though I won't miss people who call us 'Joe.'

I will miss ripe mangoes, but not cold rice.

Most of all, I will miss children, sprawled on our sala floor, singing in the classrooms, peeping at us through a knothole, following us, teasing us, understanding us. I won't miss children who, prompted by their parents, always ask for money - but they are not our children.

But there is still time.

We have had offers from a few hundred people to be our gardeners in America, bur houseboys, our maids, our car washers, chauffeurs, masseurs, dishwashers, just to reach the States. They want no salary, only food and a place to lie their heads. How much a paradise these people think America is!

Letters From Home

When are you coming home?

It seems like half a century has elapsed since you went away, And not such a terribly splendid half-century at that...

It sounds as though you've finally reached the point where you really feel you're worth something and the hell with what everybody else feels or how they want you to prove it. It's going to alienate you from a few people when you get back, you know...

The chief aim is for you to keep enough freedom to be yourself...

I'm jealous of the kind of life you're leading, free of all the nonsensical, constraining and dehumanizing factors that exist here in civilization...

What are the females like anyway?

It's hard to find real human beings here, and particularly female human beings who are at home being females...

LAMENTI NOVEMBER 23rd in the Philippines

Today is Saturday, November 23rd.

We usually sleep a little later on Saturday if there's nothing planned. But this morning was noisier than usual. A neighbor's child kept chanting something in Visayan beneath our window. Slowly the words began to seep into my consciousness, "Mamatay si Kennedy, mamatay si Kennedy" (Kennedy is dead); the thought passed through my mind, Joseph Kennedy must have died and the child thinks it's our president. Then other voices pronounced other names, like Johnson and Texas...Anabel got to the radio first. We listened in silence to the Voice of America announcer.

Mother, perhaps you were doing your Friday cleaning when the news came. Dad, were you eating your lunch?

Here, people have been stopping at our house offering their condolences to us. A woman in our barrio cried when they related the news about Mrs. Kennedy cradling the President's head in her lap. Mr. Abrenilla ~~km~~ said that at the teachers' meeting in Central, many of the teachers were crying and cursing Castro. (They think he paid the killer).

Ben McDonald from Cebu and other Peace Corps officials were interviewed on the radio, too stunned to really offer much comfort.

Our feelings? A confusion of bitterness, loss, emptiness, because, after all, who's responsible for us being here. How proud we are, we representatives of the great American democracy, where presidents are still shot and killed. Things like that are only supposed to happen in revolutionary countries ~~xxxx~~ in Latin America or maybe the African nations, but not in the mecca of civilization, the United States.

Perhaps Messrs. Goldwater, Rockefeller et al won't feel like running so hard after the Presidency. Who wants to make their

final television appearance as president - in a hearse!

Is the mourning over? Or has it just begun? We sit here, orphans, hopeful that we will be able to continue under new stepparents. We stand pugnaciously, ready to defend an America where presidents still get assassinated, while moments before, crying bitterly, we wondered if America was worth defending.

We see many sick countries, sick with revolutions, sick with war, sick with aspirations for power, sick enough to make us wonder if they will survive. And then we see, far off, America, sick with racial hate and bombings, seemingly able to survive despite them, then dropping into a sudden coma from an assassin's bullets. Can our country come out of the coma and be healthy again? Or are we forever crippled?

We found it very difficult to get any newspapers. Finally, Anabel received two copies of the Chicago Sun-Times from her parents, our first opportunity to read about the grim details in an American newspaper. We imagined that the holiday mood must certainly have been dampened, but then, people's memories are short. Today's tragedy is yesterday's news.

Letters arrived from home. "Infamy", they said. "Catastrophe," they said. "Regret," they said. "Shock," they said. "Horror," they said. "Et tu, Gerri?" they asked.

"Our president is dead!" wrote a close friend. "This is the greatest tragedy I have known. It is still difficult for me - and for millions of other Americans - to believe and accept the fact that our dynamic, vigorous, wise young president had his brain and life shattered to lifelessness during a horrible few moments... We have been disbelieving and weeping and accepting and mourning for nearly two days now - and this is likely to go on long after the funeral tomorrow.

Had John Kennedy died at 46, in truly the prime of life and the time of promise of greatness, we would have called it tragic and untimely - were it of natural causes. It is tragic whether such 'natural causes' are cancer, a plane crash or earthquake. But it is immeasurably more tragic, horrible, heinous, when the death occurs because a single man dared to play God!..

President Kennedy's death is indeed a loss - a personal loss - for all American citizens and for all the free and wouldbe free peoples of the world. From near and far, such as the country you serve now, are mourners arriving to pay their respects.*

Gerri, you and your Peace Corps colleagues are part of the legacy left by John Fitzgerald Kennedy. You each must feel as if a piece of you has died. Yet it is you, as a group and as individuals, who are in a position to mark the death of a remarkable man and leader, by carrying out his desire to fight hatred, ignorance, poverty - to help bring men closer together and bring Freedom, peace and love closer to men."

Others wrote:

"We are not yet a civilized people. There are those among us who crawl under and behind rocks and spit venomous poison into the veins of those who lead..."

"There was some comfort in watching on TV the civilized ending to a savage crime."

"We are all guilty for allowing the seeds of hate to grow..."

"We're all doomed to a monstrous existence in the shadows of idiocy..."

"This utterly absurd event must have seemed even more incomprehensible to you that it did here..."

"...in some way the whole sequence was strangely purging and enabling..."

* Reference to President Macapagal

And, from a Volunteer back in the States:

"One always likes to be home when there's a death in the family. I couldn't help thinking of the thousands of Volunteers around the world who probably heard the news over the Voice of America and of their feelings of desolation."

COMMUNITY LIFE: AROUND THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL

The school is the center of community life in provincial Philippines. The PTA, sanitation and health programs, social events, voting, development of home industries, Christmas and New Year activities all revolve around the school. Whatever is not a school-centered activity usually belongs to the Church.

The Roman Catholic Church, Spain's legacy to the Philippine Islands, plays a powerful role in the life of a provincial town. As a Catholic myself, I was curious about any differences that might exist between the Church in the United States and the Church in the Philippines.

I was startled my first Friday in Guindulman to notice meat on our host's table; I subsequently learned that meat can be such a rarity in town or barrio that if you can get it and can afford it, you eat it any day of the week, and there is no sin attached. Only a few Fridays during the year demanded the observance of the "no meat" rule.

My proficiency in the dialect being what it was, I often missed special feast days or observances announced at Mass by Pastor Ramon Neri. They didn't distribute any nice, printed leaflets outlining the week's services and activities like they do in my parish in New York.

From my observations, certainly not original, I believe that the barrio people practice their religion in a different manner than do the townspeople. They rarely attended to the fine points, and couldn't, because of the long distances into the town's one church, go to Mass every Sunday, yet ~~their~~^{they} devotion was fervent and their belief unquestioning. Some of the lady aristocrats in town attended Sunday Mass just to be seen, as ^{do} some ladies everywhere, behavior not to be found among those from the barrio,

When we went to Mass in the big cities, Inday would frown accusingly at the hordes of churchgoers who came late and left early.

Sunday Masses in Guindulman were at 6:15 a.m. and 8:15 a.m. only - no late afternoon services for people who liked to sleep late. Someone from Lombog would have to get up not long after 2 a.m. in order to reach Guindulman in time for early Mass.

The old grandmothers, dressed in their best kimonos and patadjohns*, couldn't afford the ten centavo ride into town, so if they lived at the farthest point from town along the provincial road, they walked, too. On several occasions I came back from Cebu City early on Sunday morning, about 5 a.m., and I'd watch from the truck the procession into the towns we passed, of people on their way to Mass.

Each barrio had its own chapel, a one-room structure where ^(not Mass) services were conducted by the people themselves. The priest only came to the chapel once a year, during fiesta. So those unable to get to Mass in town attended these services in the chapel. There didn't seem to be the same concern about Missing Mass on the part of Filipino priests, as there is in the States.

Good Friday received a great deal more observance than in the States, and, to my eyes, was, in their church calendar, much more important than Christmas. Anabel (a Unitarian), Inday and I, after a brief period in church one Good Friday, went to the Peligrinos' house to watch the evening's activities from their windows. And how dramatic and impressive they were! Down from the barrios came thousands and thousands of worshippers who, holding lighted candles, marched in a procession to the church which lasted for hours. From the windows of other homes along the roads, and from the Peligrinos, sparklers were set off. In the distance, up in the mountains, and out by the fishtraps in the Bay, lights in

* The Kimono is a thin-materialled blouse with wide sleeves; the patadjohn is a kind of wrap-around skirt.

the form of crosses illuminated the area. I had never seen anything like it before.

Christmas celebrations were ordinary in comparison, although there was a Midnight Mass.

What I really enjoyed about Christmas in the barrio, was the caroling. Caroling was not of the "Jingle Bells" variety. Sixteen days before Christmas, groups of young people in the barrio would form; there was a guitarist, a strong male and female voice, and a chorus. In a kind of musical drama, the group would carol at night from house to house, acting out the drama of Joseph and Mary asking lodging from the owner of the house, being turned down and going on to the next place. There were solos by Joseph, Mary, and the owner, who would go upstairs and stand by the door, angrily sending away the beseechers - all this set to music and accompanied by the guitar and chorus. We joined the chorus one night, going around to a few dozen homes. That one evening's caroling brought me closer to the birth of Christ than I'd felt in years.

In the period between Christmas and New Year's, caroling was more familiar. "Silent Night", "Adeste Fidelis", and "O Holy Night" joined Visayan Christmas songs in the carolers' repertoire. (No "Rudolfs" pierced the evening air.)

On New Year's Eve, '63, we were part of "harombaw", joining a group that caroled in the near-by houses. At the stroke of 12, everyone went quietly out of their homes, wishing each other the best for the new year. No fireworks, no drinking, no parties - only holiday songs of joy. It was a brightly moonlit night and neighbors greeted each other warmly as they strolled along the provincial road.

Moments before midnight, it had been quiet. Was everyone

sleeping? Perhaps. There were no clocks or watches to know the time by. But, little by little, the New Year made the barrio come alive, as if the residents were getting up to greet a new day.

Christmas in the Barrio

During rehearsals of "Ding Dong Bell" for Christmas presentation at Canhaway and Guinacot, we began to make our own preparations. First we got ourselves a Christmas "tree"...

(Dec.'62) I took a late afternoon snapshot of a half-dozen little ones under our tree, which was a four-foot sapling spared from the kindling pile. Inday used ingenuity instead of money to decorate it, making clever use of crepe paper and soap (for snow), plus straws cut into pieces in a necklace effect. We had quite a few helping hands during recess and lunch hours, with the school children piling over to pitch in. It's a strange but pretty tree, which I hope will withstand the onslaughts of Mateo and toddling admirers.

Taking the picture caused a commotion. When I had finally grouped the little ones under the tree, all their mothers raced out of their homes with panties, clean shirts and slippers, begging me not to take the picture until they had the opportunity to spruce up the kids. I had to submit. Photographs are precious to these people. Taking a picture is a special occasion and the poser has to look his best. They're prized possessions - whatever photographs a family may have are displayed in their salas.

Continuing our preparations, we bought a whole pig, weighing $13\frac{1}{2}$ kilos, for Christmas dinner. Half the barrio assisted us in making a choice, which proved a good one. Every day I go with Inday to watch our pig being fed some very good corn meal, carefully prepared to fatten him up. You can easily identify a good-looking pig; can you imagine me being able to know if a

pig has been well-cared for?

Very early on the morning of the 25th, so we wouldn't hear the squeals, our pig was, ah, put to rest. He was then impaled on a bamboo pole and roasted over a spit. We presented the head to Tony Bersabal, one of the butchers, a traditional custom.

We invited the Mapangs to Christmas dinner - lechon, rice and eggplant, with bananas and pineapple chunks for dessert.

(Dec.25, '63) It's a wet Christmas, not from snow, but from rain - and maybe a few tears.

The most striking thing about Christmas in the barrio is the lack of abundance. Gifts are rarely exchanged. Those who can afford to, give modest presents to the less fortunate. We are supposedly among the more fortunate and therefore give, not receive.

The children don't have heaps of toys to break - they're lucky to get a toy whistle, or a comb, a pencil, a bar of soap, perhaps a plastic balloon.

We had some simple gifts for the Mapangs - a dishtowel for Mrs. Mapang, undershirt for Mr. Mapang, handkerchiefs for Pedie, a compact for Bertang, dusting powder for Tinie, coloring book and whistle for Ale and lipstick, plus glasses, for Inday. Of course we had to get a cap pistol for the big baby, Inday, but it will shortly join our growing stack of toys for the barrio children to play with...

The second year we spent Christmas traveling, but not before both Anabel and I made our "dramatic" debuts during Canhaway's Christmas program, in a popular old piece called "Panahon Sa Gubat." In this musical representation, Anabel had a tearful scene with her 'husband', who was going off to war. After he bade her a fond farewell, the always funny Mrs. Bersabal and I, came in to cheer her up. We sang, we danced, we clowned before an

overflowing crowd surrounding the outdoor stage who, we found out, came from miles around to see the Americanos perform in the dialect. Word, as usual, had spread rapidly. I don't know about the audience, but we had a ball!

Birth and Baptism

The influence of the Spanish church is reflected in the baptismal ceremony and custom. Although some superstitious ways of choosing godparents might be followed, most sponsors today are drawn from the wealthier or prominent people of a town. A respected doctor or school official may have four, five or more godchildren because of his position in the community.

When I left Bohol, I had three godchildren. The first, on the memorable day of the Guindulman fiesta, was Jocelyn Liao, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Liao. The second was Felisa Peligrino, daughter of Junior and Conching Peligrino (Mr. P's grandchild); and the last, Celsa Bernaldez, daughter of Sulpicio and Bernaldez, our friends down at the junction of the provincial road. Pesiong^{*} was one of the few businessmen in the barrio. He had a cargo truck and dealt with copra, rice and other commodities. He'd always been very kind to us, giving us rides to school or taking us into Central when no transportation was forthcoming. Both their other children were our students - a son in 3rd grade and a daughter in 2nd - and both very bright.

Many births and some baptismal customs practiced today date back to early Spanish years and before the Spanish regime.

The expectant mother is a revered person and is treated accordingly, so that nothing evil will happen to the child she is carrying. During the Spanish time, when a woman was near her time of delivery, the husband prepared rice, dried meat, fish and other foods for the wife. These were kept in readiness.

* Nickname

The husband was also responsible for his acts before and during the birth of the child. He refrained from killing pigs, cows, goats and carabaos, and even from dressing a chicken, for fear the act would upset the baby's mind and heart. Both the husband and wife were cautioned not to get overexcited about anything, since this excitement would be transmitted to the child.

One strange pre-natal custom is attributed to Lombog. According to this custom, a mother should guard herself carefully during the pre-natal period. Her clothes should not be left outside the house during the night. It is an old belief that once a woman's belongings are placed in the open air after dusk, the evil spirits will carry out some kind of fertilization of the clothes. Germ cells are then said to develop inside the mother's womb when she wears these clothes the following day. The baby, if born, will therefore be eaten by a strange animal, or the mother will have either a premature birth or a miscarriage. Another result is that the mother will deliver an octopus, squid or other form of being.

In order to avoid this, clothes left outside after dark should be dipped in boiling water before being worn again, to kill evil fertilization cells and prevent their development.

There are also specific customs surrounding the afterbirth. After cutting the baby's cord, the midwife wraps the cut cord with a piece of cloth. The wrapped cord is not thrown away but is tied by the husband to the highest part of a rafter in their house, below the ridge. The carabao plays its part in ritual. After delivery, the mother is given porridge mixed with a bit of the placenta of a carabao, [&] dried chicken manure, all turned to ashes. It was believed in this barrio of Guinacot that the mother who would take these things wouldn't get sick even if she would labor hard after delivery. She was then made to stand, dress herself and transfer to another room.

The newly delivered mother continues to receive special attention and care, to insure that she will again be fit to do her work with the same strength. After the birth of the first child, the mother is advised not to go out of the house unless she has gone to church first. When she takes her first bath, different medicinal herbs have to be mixed with the water. Before pouring the water on her, she is asked to walk three steps after going out of the house. Then she lifts a pestle and mimes the action of pounding rice. She sits on a bolo which is believed to give strength and prevent relapse. The midwife pours water on her and says some words. One day after delivery, the mother must uproot a weed to prevent relapse when she will have to work.

When a woman gave birth in Guinacot, a pyramid of five to six pillows was prepared for her. A light was placed on the ground immediately beneath the bed of the laboring mother. A "tambalan" or medicine man was assigned to watch downstairs as it was believed that a witch would suspend herself on the floor to sip the blood of the delivering mother. As Guinacot is near the poblacion, it's not probable that this is commonly practiced today.

However, in barrio Guio-ang, people still say that when a woman gives birth to twins, it's caused by eating two ripe bananas stuck to each other, while she's conceiving. To avoid suffocation, a cautious woman should divide the bananas behind her back before having them eaten.

In a progressive barrio like Canhaway, most people will scoff at these superstitious practices, but they'll listen to and repeat the warnings of the old folks. Although they refrain from carrying out the rituals, they still are a bit fearful that they may be wrong and the old, right. "Bahala na," they intone, "Who's to say?"

It's generally accepted that a child be baptized before the end of one month after birth. Parents who fail to do so are committing sin. If a child dies at birth or a few hours afterwards, the mother is also considered to have sinned.

In barrio Canhaway, customs are about the same today as in the past, inasmuch as the Spanish friars were already well established in the area when this barrio began to begin to be populated.

Parents in barrio Catungawan, in the poblacion, and certainly in other barrios, are careful in selecting the sponsors, because, if either of them cannot say the prayers required in the baptismal ceremony, the child may become dumb, stupid or a moron. If the prayers are well said, the child may be bright, with good prospects in life. Today, most parents select their sponsors, but in barrio Cansiwang, the first one to ask to be a godfather (compari) or godmother (comare) would become so.

When the child and its sponsors are a few meters from home, their arrival is welcomed, announced and made lively, sometimes firecrackers adding to the din. The godparent presents the child to the mother, saying, "Mare, Christianos na ang atong bata." (Our child is now a Christian.) Then follows merrymaking, lots of food for everyone, dancing and singing, and, more recently, extensive picture-taking. Only in barrio Mayuga were the festivities limited to entertaining godparents alone.

Baptism of a child was and is a joyous occasion, and while baby sleeps peacefully through it all, parents, godparents and friends toast the newcomer with fervor.

Death and Burial

(Apr.'63) Anda is a small town about twelve kilometers from Guindulman. It is off the main road, not very prominent. A year ago, no more than two or three trucks a day would bother to turn off toward Anda. It wasn't a profitable trip for the bus companies to make.

Within the past six months, however, as many as twenty trucks a day make the trip, filled to the brim with "worshippers." Anda has become the site of a 'miracle' and a sight it is. The Manila Times plus assorted lesser publications have reported this 'miracle'. People from all over the Philippines have made pilgrimages here. Let me tell the story.

About ten years ago, an Anda-born teacher was assigned to Mindanao, in a town called Ginoog. While riding a truck, ~~xxx~~ there was an accident and, suffering a brain concussion, she died. She was buried in a vault in Mindanao, but, for some reason, was moved out of the vault several years later and buried in soil.

Within the past year, the mother of Potenciana (her first name) had a dream. Her daughter was begging her mother to take her out of the soil there and bring her home to Bohol. This dream occurred several times, so the family decided to go to Mindanao and bring the body back. When they opened the coffin, they found that the body had been 'miraculously preserved'. The soil thereabouts was examined and other bodies hauled up, but no other corpse lying in the same kind of soil could be found to be preserved.

The family brought the body home, encased it in a glass-topped coffin, built a chapel and the "believers" have flocked there ever since, hoping to be 'cured' as the man from Leyte, sick with schistosomiasis for ten years, who went home well. Or the poor family that prayed to Potenciana and won thousands of pesos in the

Sweepstakes. Or another family that lost, then found 600 pesos, after praying. All kinds of stories, claims, rumors, etc. come out of Anda daily; people have supposedly been healed of all kinds of things.

The chapel has pictures of the Blessed Virgin, candles are constantly burned, people kneel for hours. The Church will have nothing whatsoever to do with this. The priest has openly scoffed at the whole thing at Sunday Mass. The poor, old man just suffered a paralytic attack, so naturally everybody attributes it to his scorn of the 'miracle.'

Who is benefiting from this? The family is now extremely wealthy with all the hard-earned pesos that poor people have donated; the town officials who look on and say nothing are having their pockets lined.

Finally, last week, someone succeeded in getting an order to get her buried. When they brought her to the burial ground, what was previously just soil was now full of rocks and the shovels of the men were broken. So back she went to the chapel. And it was then that curiosity got the better of us; Anabel, Inday, Mrs. Mapang, Pedie and Ale made the forty-minute trip to Anda.

Local sari-sari store owners are doing a thriving business. Cokes were 15c instead of the official 12c. The tuba was flowing; photographs were hawked outside the chapel by dour-faced women.

The chapel is near the sea, so it is quiet. The people are orderly, although the regulars who come daily refuse to move to allow others to see. See what? A black thing resembling a skeleton, rotting, horrible to look upon. No wonder kids who've heard all the stories and seen it have nightmares.

We were ~~xxx~~ able to observe the customs surrounding more normal deaths on several occasions. Few families in the barrio could afford embalming, so the dead were buried immediately. There were no such things as organized funerals or hearses, so after the Mass, pallbearers carried the plain, wooden coffin long distances to the nearest cemetery, with relatives and friends forming a procession behind. In some cases, the pallbearers belong to a "Dayong", which literally means carry together, an association whose purpose is to help one another in case death comes to one among the group. While riding the truck, we saw these funeral processions; more often than not, the coffin was a small one, indicating the death of a baby or small child.

Only once, when Mr. Abrenilla's father died, did we see a person laid out. Since the deceased had been Mayor of Jagna at one time, he was laid 'in State' in the Jagna Town Hall, where the townspeople and relatives could pay their respects.

Our former barrio lieutenant's wife died from schistosomiasis, the aforementioned snail fever (the snail enters the body through the feet, goes to the liver, causing swelling and eventual death). She had gotten the disease in Leyte from walking through stagnant water.

We had visited Mrs. Berou in the hospital when we were in Manila, and she died soon afterwards. The family in Canhaway completed nine days of prayer. We attended the dinner which terminated this first period of prayer. It is a tradition that after the dead person is buried, the relatives of the deceased have forty days of prayer for the salvation of the soul.

During these nights of prayer, food, drinks and tobacco are served. Last of all, "pamisa" and "paduaw" are made before the end of forty days. In the "pamisa", the family of the deceased gives

money, eggs, rice and chickens to the priest, who then offers Mass in honor of the dead. In "paduaw", the family of the deceased go to the cemetery and pray. After that, merienda or food and drinks are served in the home.

In some homes, when a person dies, nobody in the family sleeps. They keep watch over the deceased for fear that an unseen spirit or witch will steal the dead body. The members of the family even invite neighbors and relatives to help them watch and guard the dead during the night.

And old superstition is that when a corpse is soft, unnatural for a dead person, that corpse would take some members of the family in the near future. To counteract this omen, the corpse wasn't allowed to pass through the door, but taken through the window. During the burial, all members of the family would throw some soil over the corpse, saying, "Do not take us when you depart."

Usually, the family visit the grave on the third day after burial, planting some flowers over the grave. Annual visitations then took place on All Soul's Day and the anniversary of the death of the departed one.

Learning the Dialect

Participation in the local community life required some knowledge of the dialect, which I was patiently trying to learn the hard way, in day-to-day contact with the people. Our cartoonist, Jm Epstein, reflected my feelings in a paper he wrote for Ang Boluntaryo, "Some Frustrations in Learning the Dialect."

"...All of those now settled in their ~~in their~~ communities, no matter what their grasp of the dialect, have a feeling for what their knowledge of it has meant as regards matters of communication, social acceptance, cultural insights, effectiveness in the job, etc... It is hoped that by talking about some of the common, inevitable frustrations that accompany the learning process, you will somehow be better able to come to terms with these frustrations, without abandoning the long struggle and hard work necessary to "learn" the dialect."

How frequently, for instance, adults and children alike will laugh at your first attempts at spoken dialect. It's usually your opening statement, something harmless and well-intentioned like a "How much is this?" at the market, or a friendly "Good morning" to a passing stranger. The chuckling of one person is not so unbalancing, but when you are met with group chain-reaction laughter, it seems the carpet is jerked from under you...When you become the victim of this a number of times, it takes more and more courage to make attempts at speaking in the dialect. If you don't make them, you don't learn the language; if you do, you feel someone's discovered meringue under your nose.

Another annoying thing...(happens) when you utter a word or two in the dialect; it may be a word casually dropped on the tastiness of the bananas, or the equivalent of "I will just go now," which is immediately followed by a faceful of surprise and "Oh, you already speak our dialect!" The first few times you see this delighted expression...you may feel delighted yourself that everyone else is so delighted. Later you may find yourself avoiding that first word that will set off a nuclear reaction of wonderment and compliments on the fluency you have in a language which is still strange to you.

One thing that can undermine your confidence may be a result of getting off to a 'good' start by learning the useful phrases that you think will get you by in the common situations and ^{get} you 'in' in the community. You may know just the right phrases for certain situations - how to say you do eat rice, how you like it in the Philippines, that you will not need a companion, etc. Let's say you try one of these out at an opportune moment, but you get a response you neither understand nor quite know how to react to. You may even risk a "Yes" to the question "How long will you be here?" Gulp. Just when you were gaining confidence in your ability to understand, and you thought the people thought you could understand, you find that you can't understand a thing.

Everywhere you go attention and eyes are on you, whether or not you say anything in the dialect. Special attentions are showered on you; you sit at the head of the table with the best napkin and the only beer. How nice if you could be ^{only} slightly conspicuous. And on top of this, you want to learn the dialect...But language learning cannot be done solo, so you must be persevering and aggressive; you must seek out situations to practice what you know and pick up something new; and you will have to meet the situations that come to you. You have to grab the ball, block your own interference, be on the offensive, and above all speak!

One of the easiest, most successful, and most satisfying ways to the dialect is through the children. After their initial laughter and shyness have worn off, you will be able to learn a lot from them, by watching and listening to them as they play, participating in their games, questioning them...it doesn't take much courage to make the effort with children as it so often does with adults. It is easier to make errors in front of children, easier to put yourself in the awkward position of uncertainty.

Well now, let's say you all have had a few discouraging experiences, a few ups, a few downs, but you're going to have a go at it again. Well, press on: chest high, shoulders back, nostrils flared, question prepared and practiced in advance, situation waiting to be met. The scene is set. You have managed to sneak into a semi-quiet corner of the market relatively unseen (only four children are following you). You stalk up to the little old vegetable lady and ask in a clear, confident, precise, unfaltering voice a question of approximately seven words regarding the availability of fresh tomatoes. The projection is good, pronunciation good, intonation good. She answers and you understand. Yet your chest is not so high, your shoulders not so set, and there is a marked droop to your face. You hadn't expected an answer in English."

You can really appreciate what you've learned in the dialect if you have the good fortune? to be able to listen to an old-fashioned political rally.

Politics in the town and barrio

November is election time, too, in the Philippines, so one October evening we were treated to a rally less than 50 feet from our house, on the plaza in front of the schoolgrounds. A microphone, in the peak of condition, blasted forth some rather delicious harangues of Nacionalista Party candidates until after midnight. Hour succeeded hour of sly diatribes, promises, vicious attacks, pleas of friendship, promises, protestations of innocence and more promises. We got little sleep and swore to encourage people to vote Liberal - except that two nights later the Liberal Party candidates did the same thing.

Privately, we favored one candidate or another but, of course, never publicly. We didn't plan to live that dangerously. Politics is a pretty emotional business in the Philippines, and while Bohol is relatively peaceful, gunplay was not uncommon in other provinces around election time. As Robert Shaplen wrote in his "Letter From Manila", quoting an American resident there, "Those fellows make the boys back home in Louisiana look like amateurs."

Diosdado Macapagal of the Liberal Party, now President, took over from Carlos P. Garcia, the Nacionalista head of state. Pertinent to political life on Bohol is the fact that Mr. Garcia comes from Bohol and the province is considered a Nacionalista stronghold.

I'm certainly not revealing anything new by saying that corruption ~~x~~ in politics has been the Philippine Government's Achilles heel ever since it became independent in 1946. Those concerned with this national-and local- state of affairs used to assure us that when the government 'grew up', corruption would all but disappear.

(Jan.'63) We had to wade through the mud at last Friday's dedication of a new Town Hall in Alicia. The platform was chock full of politicians - the governor, vice-governor, ex-governor; congressmen, a District Engineer, the Provincial Commander of the Philippine Constabulary, mayors - in short, every important Nacionalista on Bohol. The Mayor of Alicia is former President Garcia's brother. As chummy as this group appeared, the smiles, as everywhere, hid their ambitions. We discovered that half of them would be fighting against the other half in the next convention and each despised the other - but, oh, did they laugh at each other's jokes.

We did sit in on one local political convention in Guindulman's Town Hall, where we heard all the wonderful behind-the-scenes dirt (which we promptly forgot). Some of the more daring PCV boys kept themselves in the thick of elections to get information. We decided that it was wise to show an interest in their electoral processes, but not too great an interest.

In our position as Volunteers, American Volunteers, we were sometimes courted by the local politicians, despite protestations of 'neutrality'. We managed to avoid entanglements, although, we did, on occasion, have social contact...

When we were in Cebu over New Year's, '62, we were sitting in Eddie's Log Cabin preparing to order when the waiter said that the gentleman sitting alone at the next table wanted to have the pleasure of joining us. We hesitated and he came over to introduce himself - Bartoleme Cabangbang, Congressman from Bohol. He sat down and we talked for several hours, about politics, his past as a pilot saboteur, his chicken-raising operations, etc. We saw him again on several occasions, never realizing at the time that he was going to make the headlines in a big way.

Cabangbang is a Nacionalista and the party now in power is Liberal. The Congressman began to get his name steadily in print when, first, he attacked President Macapagal personally; secondly attached him to deported American tycoon Harry Stonehill; thirdly, attacked him for not living as simply as he claimed to - the Macapagal family, sans father, traveled in the height of luxury on their trip through the States; and lastly, the familiar charge of nepotism, as regards Macapagal's younger brother.

Cabangbang was so vitriolic that his enemies began to throw the book back at him. And what a book! He was accused of being involved in the fatal plane crash which took the life of the popular former president Ramon Magsaysay and also of complicity in a plot to assassinate Macapagal.

I met Mr. Cabangbang again during an inauspicious moment of his career. While in Manila, our former barrio lieutenant, Mr. Berou, whose wife was in the hospital, took us on a tour of Malacanang (the official residence of the President) and the Congress. Although we demurred, he insisted that we stop by to say hello to Congressman Cabangbang, who was more or less "on trial" for his deeds, words and actions. A dozen reporters were shouting questions at the Congressman in between phone calls - I got out of there as fast as I could. Mr. C. eventually ran for the Senate, but was defeated, so he is now 'at large'.

Shortly before the November '63 elections, I received my application for an absentee ballot, which had to be notarized. The only person immediately available as a notary was Attorney Lilio Amora, Liberal candidate in the upcoming Guindulman mayoralty election. Attorney Amora had been a tennis-playing partner many months before. I'd also been invited to his mother's retirement party - she'd taught quite a number of years in Guindulman - so I knew the family casually.

Anabel and I arrived at their home in the early afternoon, only to find out from his mother that Attorney Amora was taking a siesta. I tried to explain the purpose of my visit, which must have been only partly understood. Before we knew it, trays of fruit and cakes and soft drinks were brought out, and Mrs. Amora insisted on calling her son. She seemed highly excited and we were puzzled at her behavior.

When the lawyer appeared on the scene, he looked pleased, welcoming us warmly. It was only after I again explained my mission that the reason for this jubilation came out. Mrs. Amora thought that Anabel and I were going to vote for her son!

We explained that as Americans' citizens, we couldn't vote in a Philippine election and that I only needed notarization so that I could vote in the American elections. Mrs. Amora was downhearted, but gracious, as she accepted my explanation. Lilio Amora eventually won a very close election - by 21 votes. No wonder his family was interested in our votes.

We respected a number of politicians, but one thing we deplored - smuggling.

(Apr.'64) Both American brands of cigarettes and Unions (made in Hong Kong) are illegal in this country, but they are sold on every street corner in Cebu and are smoked by every politician and VIP. I don't think anybody of note would be caught dead smoking a local-made cigarette. That's what makes the situation so ironic. The government spends millions of pesos letting the Philippine Constabulary chase after smugglers in and around the Sulu Sea, particularly (some brands are smuggled from Borneo). Philippine tobacco companies refuse to allow the cigarettes to be legalized, because they believe their business would suffer. Frankly, I think the government would save more by legalizing them, perhaps offering some kind of subsidy to Philippine manufacturers. The same people will always try to get the American brands, and the same barrio people will smoke the local brands (like us), because they can't afford the higher-priced foreign cigarettes. The smuggler's position is unique.

For example, Inday Peligrino invited me to go with her to visit a school on the small islet of C., off the coast of northern Bohol. I was interested in going, because I hadn't been that far north and the islet is quite unusual, being completely flat and sandy, with no grass. It is also the haven for several well-known smugglers - in fact we stayed at the house of a Mr. C., a top barrio official, who is the island's wealthiest and most prolific smuggler. Imagine holding a political position and serving as official host for any visitors to the island! Outboard motors are a rarity around ~~the~~ Bohol, but this gentleman had four high-horsepowered motors sitting in his front yard. Most of the families on the island suffer from water shortage and are as poor as the average barrio family, with these few exceptions. Well, that's the way life is sometimes lived in the Philippines.

Members of the Community

Approximately two million cavans of rice are produced every year on Bohol, using methods that haven't changed much in 500 years. For the most part, neither Anabel nor I concerned ourselves with the improvement of agricultural methods, since there were those in town much more knowledgeable than we. We would recommend the use of fertilizers, but conducted no rice-growing or irrigation projects, as did some Volunteers with such experience. However, we wanted to know something about the daily grind of the farmer in the fields, so one Saturday afternoon, we volunteered our services to Mr. Mapang, who then was harvesting his yield.

(Nov.'62) Outfitted in long pants, with bolo in hand, Anabel, Inday and I worked for two hours under the hot sun, cutting down the rice at a half-stoop, after we were shown how it's done. You can imagine the large number of 'sidewalk superintendents' we drew, but we were serious and worked hard.

I think it was the most back-breaking labor I've ever experienced - what admiration I felt for the farmer and his family coping with this excessive labor year after year without complaint. And how helpless, when I knew that machinery exists to ease this laborious routine, but machinery is not yet available in this corner of the world (and might be ill-used if it were). We were a pretty sight after the job was finished - grimy, sweaty and streaked with mud we were - but Mr. Mapang said that we saved him coming back another day. He was able to finish harvesting one day earlier than expected. I suppose we were proud of ourselves. If nothing else, we proved again to some people that educated Americans aren't afraid to get their hands dirty even if they have a college degree. We wearily made our way home and conked out the rest of the afternoon.

Night after night farmers turned fishermen would pass our house, carrying their lanterns, to spend a few hours out on the Bay with their lines. What was night fishing like? I had no idea, since I'd never been fishing in my life. So, again, we ventured forth in our quest for learning.

(Sept.'63) With lantern, pail and bait in hand, Pedie, Inday, Anabel and I went fishing last night. Not for sport, either. Because of the weather, there's been a scarcity of fish lately, so we decided to do something about it. We borrowed a banca from Pedie's uncle and paddled out to the fishtrap, casting the line and waiting expectantly. The only thing that came the first hour was rain, so we shuddered and waited, while Inday hung onto a pole supporting the fishtraps (we had forgotten to bring an anchor), so we wouldn't float away. When we were just about ready to give up, Pedie drew in the line and we had a live fish, small, but a fish. You should of seen the ones that got away!

We placed the fish carefully in the pail and rowed back to shore. To one and all who asked about our luck, we said, "Of course, we were fortunate," then hurried on before they asked to see our catch. Our neighbors learned the truth and kidded us for days afterwards, but that fresh fish was certainly delicious fried at 11 p.m.0

Since neither of us had enough dexterity to climb a coconut tree, we had nothing to do with coconuts except to drink "lamaw." On a hot Sunday afternoon, someone would climb up his father's trees and shake down a half-dozen ripe coconuts. After splitting them open, we'd pour the sweet water and the fresh coconut skin into a big pitcher, add sugar and evaporated milk, and have a very refreshing, cool drink.

Although we weren't able to husk coconuts, we were interested in the market for copra, the dried meat of the coconut, used in many products.

On her way back from Manila, Anabel met Greg Concon, Executive Vice-President of Southern Industrial Projects, the only major industrial concern on Bohol. This gentleman, said Anabel, really seemed interested in the future of Bohol and its people. In his own factories he trained his workers to speak English and offered U.S.-type benefits. I decided to invite Mr. Concon to Guindulman to speak during a Sunday in July about the possibilities of setting up a copra cooperative among the farmers...

(July '63) On Sunday we had a Town Meeting with invited guest Greg Concon and members of the Municipal and Barrio Councils. Concon is the Mike Todd among Filipino businessmen, with interests in shipping and sheet metal, among other things. He came to speak about the possibilities of setting up a copra cooperative so the farmers can get better prices for their copra. As it is, each

farmer fends for himself, going through several Chinese middlemen before getting his price, which is 14% lower than if he was able to sell direct to a ship. Guindulman was a thriving port before the war, but big ships don't come here anymore; they go to Jagna. The wharf is dilapidated because the manganese mines are dormant most of the time and nobody will fix them since no business is coming this way.

Concon assured the people that if they could collectively have 1,000 tons a month of copra ready in a warehouse, ships would stop to pick it up. It shouldn't be difficult ^a amount to truck in, since this part of Bohol is rich in coconut trees.

We've been examining this situation a long time - it's only a question of getting the people started. But, they are chronically unable to pick themselves up and do something after so many years of Chinese domination in business (preceded by U.S. and Spanish domination). They expect us to do everything, despite the fact that we're hardly businesswomen with a vast knowledge of export prices and bank loans. Concon assured me afterwards that it was a good try but nothing would come of it. He himself, a hard-headed businessman, said that Filipinos have to get over their amigo-amigo complex to succeed in the world. Relatives, friends and those to whom one owes obligations are always on the payroll in Philippine businesses, so they never make money and quickly collapse. That's one of the reasons coops have generally failed, though, with the right leadership, unfortunately lacking currently in Guindulman, they could be made to work beneficially, as in Venezuela.

To this date, I haven't heard that anyone has taken the initiative in starting this cooperative. Barrio lieutenants were instructed to submit reports on the number of trees and copra yield

from their barrios. With these reports in hand, someone was prepared to approach the Rural Bank for the necessary loan. But up until the time we left, it hadn't been done. Unfortunately, Mr. Concon was right, yet it shouldn't be so.

The rapidly developing PNCB (Philippine National Cooperative Bank) does offer the small loans necessary to start a project of this sort. Its avowed policy is to help the people in improving their general well-being through cooperatives.

I hope that the PNCB's management plans to lend assistance in the organization of consumers' cooperatives and other service cooperatives in the provinces bears fruit. Because I believe that unless the PNCB goes to them, the farmers never will form into cooperatives themselves. We learned that lesson!

There are 28,000 barrios in the Philippines, with little feeling of attachment to Manila. Two hundred families are the average for a barrio and three-fourths or more of the working men are farmers, producing little more than enough to feed their families. In Canhaway, the homes were decent, but in many barrios, lack of plumbing and sanitation in homes built on stilts over the water contributed to sickness and disease. People still consult herbolarios or medicine men, not only about their ills, but about a rice harvest or yet unborn baby. There is no prevailing energy or spirit to get out from under the apathy. There is little imagination. Shaplen claims that the systematic stifling of initiative and ambition during the four centuries of Spanish rule is responsible. No Peace Corps Volunteer could hope to change that. I think that most of us believed, "If there is but one who follows my word", we could consider ourselves lucky.

Sanitation and Health

As far as herbolarios are concerned, they're not all witch doctors. Many know how to effectively use a great variety of healing herbs to soothe pain. Through a combination of massage and leaves, I was relieved of some back aches and severe pains in my foot. In Canhaway, the herbolarios were old, religious ~~xxx~~ women who rarely accepted money, or, if they did, just a few centavos for tobacco. When people were seriously ill, they went to a doctor. Ours was a progressive barrio, though. Up in the hills, the story was different. Yet, I can understand why the herbolarios flourish. Once, in desperation, I, too, called in a herbolario.

(Fe.b'63) There are many so-called 'romantic' diseases in the South Seas - malaria, schistosomiasis, amoebic dysentery - you know you've been sick. Never had any of those. What do I get the first time I'm bed-ridden? A boil in my ear. It's got a fancier name, but what it 'boils' down to is I've been in bed all week on doctor's orders.

The three of us have been blowing, coughing and sneezing for the past month, as we keep passing a cold from one to another. The other day, still not feeling well, I went along with some community development workers to homes in the barrio, encouraging the building of water-sealed toilets and other home improvements. On the way home, my ear started to feel funny, and before I knew what was happening, all our neighbors were outside the house, listening to me scream, as I had the most excruciating pain I've ever had in my life. Pedie raced into town on our bike to get my compadre, Dr. Liao.

I kicked and sweated in agony, hoping for anything to lessen the pain. Just then, an old woman passed the house, who Inday said might be able to help. I said, My God, yes, let her try.

This woman got some leaves and began rubbing them around my ear. This time they didn't work but, despite my pain, I almost laughed when she blew lightly into my ear, murmuring some kind of prayer or incantation.

Finally, Dr. Liao arrived with some painkillers, and I admitted asking a herbolario for help. He wasn't at all surprised, saying that knowledge of plants has been of great benefit to modern medicine. In certain cases, the ability of a herbolario was superior to that of a regular doctor. It was only when a "quack" practiced in order to extort money from an ignorant family with dubious cures that the medical profession damned them.

It certainly is understandable why they're called in, though. Imagine living fifteen or twenty miles from a town, up in the hills, without transportation, and having a member of your family suffering uncontrollably. Anyone that offered relief would be welcomed.

There are trained midwives who deliver children in barrios far from town, but no doctors have their practices in remote areas. Rural health doctors sometimes have to barter medicines in order to combat any kind of epidemic. Requisitions to Manila had a habit of going astray in emergencies, so a doctor would give his smallpox vaccine (for example) in exchange for cholera vaccine to control an outbreak of that disease in his town.

Various shots were given the children in school periodically, but because of lack of funds, only one or two needles serviced a school. The nurse would wipe the needle with some alcohol instead of complete sterilization. Inday refused to get injected at the school - we'd take her to a regular doctor. The only time she did get a shot at school, the injection became infected and needed to be treated for over three months.

How can a country lecture its citizens on health and sanitation when some practices do more harm than good?

We'd go into different homes with the numerous community development and home improvement workers who encouraged the people to keep animals out of the kitchen; to build a better, more sanitary toilet; to pay more attention to cleanliness in the kitchen rather than in the sala; to boil vegetables and drinking water when necessary. These instructions were repeated in the classrooms and in barrio meetings.

My own health was pretty good, excepting the boil; a bout with tropical ulcers (leg sores caused by flys 'exploring' mosquito bites); and a couple of colds. Anabel was less fortunate; she was in the hospital several times with dysentery and once having a cyst removed. That last wasn't very tropical either.

The first year on Bohol, none of the Volunteers was seriously ill, while in Cebu there was a good deal of flu and dysentery. The only one on our island who saw a doctor regularly was Mrs. Jeanette Lynch - her excuse was pregnancy. Everyone in her area took a proprietary interest in her child-to-be. They repeatedly came over to inquire solicitously about the expected baby, patting Jeanette's stomach. Her husband Jack was bursting with pride, since it was their first child after six years of marriage. Their Filipino friends attributed the pregnancy to kamungi, a green leafy vegetable noted for its high iron content.

Periodically, we were called into Cebu City for booster shots and complete checkups to be sure we were free from all interesting parasites. Emergency evacuation procedures were available to any Volunteer who became seriously ill.

I only saw one snake during my two years in the barrio. It was poisonous but Pedie killed it. During our workshop in Ayala, there was a near fatal accident. Fran Olsen, Group IV, was walking along the beach at night with her husband Phil, barefoot. She thought she stepped on some kind of thorn and complained that her foot felt a little numb. As Phil bent down to examine her foot, she collapsed. He had the presence of mind to apply a suction cup, then raced to the hospital in Zamboanga, with a brief stop at Peace Corps Headquarters there. That stop saved Fran's life, because they had picked up the only anti-cobra vaccine in the city. The hospital didn't have any. She made it, but it was close. Fortunately, cobras were rare in our part of Bohol.

Superstitions and Myths

Of the various folktales and beliefs of barrio Canhaway, one is worthy of mention. Many people in this barrio still believe that there is a haunted place, called Batong-Lutak, a gigantic rock that is found in the middle of a river that forms the boundary between the barrios of Canhaway and Catungawan. The position of ~~this~~ this big rock caused the river to be divided in two, joining again a few meters away downstream. This rock is known as the fairies' dwelling place. Several have claimed that at times they saw in this place, not a rock, but a huge palatial ~~mansion~~ mansion.

On March 13, 1947, the first Friday of Lent, a boy, little more than two years old, was reported lost, about 3 p.m. in the afternoon. He could be found nowhere. He had been to his uncle's house with his older brother. When the older brother was upstairs, the younger one was downstairs, and it was there where he vanished, a place two kilometers away from Batong Lutak. But many saw him as he walked toward the hinterlands, as if going towards home. A barrio teacher also saw him. As he walked he cried for his mother as if she was going ahead of him.

So a search was begun when it was almost dark so they had to light torches. The air was full of shouts and sounds of cans and bells. The horde of searchers went directly to Batong Lutak and begged the fairies to return the boy. But the search was in vain. No child could be found. Past midnight, they stopped their search and continued it the next day.

A policeman joined with the searchers. He even fired three shots at the supposed abode of the fairies, a balete tree that stood on the rock. At about 3 o'clock, the parish priest was called

to join them and he heeded their call. It was then that they found the body of the boy, lying on a big stone in the middle of the river, above the water. A big stick lay across his body, both ends of which were fastened to the stone. When the body was picked up by the uncle, it was already lifeless but still warm.

Thus, the people say that once again the people of Batong Lutak took an earthly being, there being other similar incidents in the past.

There were beliefs about eclipses. The moon was believed to have been devoured by the 'bakinawa' or dragon.

In times of epidemics like fever, cholera and others which swept ^{a town}, people believed that there was somebody responsible for the disease and that he would ask for a certain number of persons in each place. For this reason, they took the images in their church and made a procession around the barrio to cure the sickness.

There is a legend about the coconut. It was said that a boy once asked for coconuts which were hidden, nowhere to be found. Accidentally, he fell from the window of his house and died. From the spot where he died grew up a coconut tree.

When an earthquake occurred, they said that it was because Solomon, the powerful king of the underworld, was moving. It was Solomon who explored the depths of the sea and gave names to all the fish found there.

The early inhabitants also believed that the appearance of a comet would foretell a terrible event to come, such as famine, drought or war.

When a pig was sick, the owner would not give it any medicine because he believed that the pig's sickness prevented him from being sick.

Some people believed that a superhuman being known as Bathala created the world for the people to live in.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END...

An open letter to my friends in Guindulman:

Are you proud to be a citizen of the Philippines? As a citizen, you will be the one to help guide the future progress of your country. As a citizen, you have many community and political rights, but you also have community and political duties. You can change your world because you have freedom of speech and freedom of action and because you want to live better. You want to play a part in the development of the Philippines.

Food is important in your country. People have to spend most of their time getting enough to eat. This slows down progress. In countries like the Philippines, most farmers produce food chiefly for their own families. They sell or trade food they don't need. They do most of the work by hand, using the carabao to pull plows. They are poor. How can you, as a good citizen, help the farmers and the community?

First, not only should you be proud to be a citizen. You should also be proud that your family are farmers. You will never be too proud to let the soil of the earth touch your hands, even though you may be fortunate enough to someday finish high school or college. You will stay here and work with other good citizens, joining together to aid the farmers in modernizing their methods of farming. One farmer cannot get enough money to buy more modern machinery, improved seed, fertilizer or even simple tools for cultivation of his small plot of land. But if farmers cooperate with each other, and reforms in land use and land tenancy are not just talked about, then food and production will increase, helping you to a better life. You want to see these reforms come about, so you'll join community groups and go to barrio meetings and invite agricultural extension experts to your community. You will talk

about your problems, and then, being good citizens, you will act.

Guindulman has nearly the same port facilities as Jagaa. But no ships come to your town, because there is no business. Many of your older brothers and sisters have no work, because there is no business which they can learn there. Many of your fathers work only part-time on their small pieces of land, and then have nothing to do the rest of the year, because there is no part-time work for them. You have no running water or electricity or hospital - because there is no business which requires these things.

So you know that there are many, many things you can do as a good citizen, without having to run off to the big city. You can join with others and appeal to the banks and other community services to help establish small-scale industries like handicrafts, carpentry, tailoring, tool-making, coconut-oil processing, soap-making or pig-raising. A busy community will attract the foreign ships that will bring many new things to buy. And you will have the money to buy these things because the part-time farmer and the unemployed teen-ager will be earning pesos in your new industries. Most of all, the farmer, with money in his pocket, and the respect of his family and community, can return to the soil, bringing with him improved tools, improved methods and good fertilizer and seed. He will want his land to be good so he can keep up with the progress in the rest of the community.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to have pesos to spend, things to buy, maybe a modern clinic, running water, possibly electricity? Wouldn't it be wonderful if your fathers could raise bigger and better crops and you never again had to worry about enough to eat?

I know it's not impossible. A good citizen can produce real miracles.

I believe it may have been Dick Vittitow who wrote the following editorial in Ang Boluntaryo, a point of view shared, I think, by most Volunteers, not only in the Philippines, but in all of Asia:

LIFE MAGAZINE and SENATOR FULBRIGHT

OLD MYTHS VS. NEW REALITIES

"Two bold examples of American attitudes toward foreign affairs were thrown recently before the eyes of the world.

The first was contained in Life International's Jan.27 special issue, "A Time of Trial for Asia". The second was presented in the Mar.25 foreign policy speech of Senator William J. Fulbright, chairman of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The contrast between the two positions is remarkable. An analysis of this contrast gives some indication of the awesome range of possible courses open to the United States public opinion, foreign policy and international leadership.

The Life point of view is summed up by its lead-in story, which contains this: 'Southeast Asia includes a country, South Vietnam, where Communism and the Free World are engaged in a major war. In Southeast Asia one national leader, Sukarno, is leading his people to ruin, while another leader, Chiang Kai-shek is earnestly preparing for a campaign to retake his country from the Communists.' Simple. Ruinous and earnest, Black and white. Boiled to a minimum for the 'average' reader. The editors explain it is the intent of the issue to explore and explain 'the tribulations' the Southeast Asian nations face, from the birth pains of new Malaysia to the age-old agonies of mainland China, from the dilemma of a prosperous Japan seeking Southeast Asian markets to the heedless dalliance of Cambodia.' We find it hard to determine whose side Prince Sihanouk is on, so the situation in his

country reflects 'heedless dalliance.'

These statements are characteristic of Life's approach to the material dealt with in this issue - with no apologies for a rather one-sided point of view in the 'news' columns. The lead-in itself is 18 lines, fitting flush left at the beginning and flush right at the end. Very tidy. There seems little concern for any words which may have been put in or left out to accomplish this neat trick, and a similar lack of concern seems evident in their dismissal of Ceylon ('Ceylon is on the road to nationalized chaos') and Pakistan ('Pakistan plays the perilous game of an entente with Red China'), in two sentences in an isolated paragraph; or, for that matter, in their complete omission of India from an issue devoted to Asia.

Some of the blase assumptions of the magazine are also staggering. "Though the U.S. had no part in the coup that toppled Ngo Dinh Diem, most Americans on the spot were as relieved as the people of Saigon when the junta headed by Lieut. General Duong Van Minh took over." Or these headlines: "Hero Worship Leads a Nation Toward Ruin. A Dead End in Indonesia." Followed by this caption on a series of pictures: "A master of demagoguery, Sukarno employs elastic facial contortions as his speech becomes more frenzied and he works his audience into a trance."

On the coverage of the Chinese scene, we find these headlines: "The Sword Aimed at Red China". (Taiwan) opposed to "Red China's Great Leap Forward, Great Fall Back;" "The Disaster of the Communes." and "The Retreat from Dreams of Glory" (all Red China).

Are Asian attitudes on any of these questions quite as simple-minded? Are Asians just 'wrong' when they do not begin with these same assumptions in interpreting ~~xxxx~~ events in Asia? The real problem in the Life approach lies in the fact that everything must

be simplified to fit a pattern - and what does not fit in must be sacrificed for the sake of the pattern. As a method of dealing with the complexity of governments, nations and peoples, however, such patterns can become not only unfair but ignorant and highly dangerous in their narcotic effect. They tend to convince us that 'black' really is black and that 'white' really is white. That once this is established, it will not change. And that because it will not change, and cannot change, our security is found in interpreting world events in a way which will strengthen our well-patterned position.

This style of thinking is what Senator Fulbright referred to in his speech as "frozen attitudes." "We are confronted with a complex and fluid world situation and we are not adapting ourselves to it," he said. 'We are clinging to old myths in the face of new realities.'

Even if one agrees with Life's conclusions and totally rejects Fulbright's stand on specific issues, the significant difference between the two styles of approach must be weighed carefully. Part of the difference is contained in the Senator's plea for Americans to have the courage to think 'unthinkable thoughts' - to abandon bias and preconception at least long enough to give these thoughts consideration. Such consideration becomes imperative when these same thoughts are already influencing the policies of a host of nations - some of them our staunchest allies. In the end we may find we cannot fully espouse these thoughts, but the integrity of the final decision will not suffer from a lack of reasonable evaluation of all sides, in terms of both fact and opinion. It is a case of intelligent versus ignorant choice.

A last question which disturbs us is which set of attitudes will have the greatest influence upon the United States and upon the world? Will Americans 'buy' the slick, simple approach, and will

other nations view our policies in this light? Or will we try to understand?

The time came for us to leave the "quiet" one among the turbulent nations of Southeast Asia. Quiet for how long?

We were adopted as citizens of Guindulman. We were given certificates^{of merit} by both the Canhaway and Guinacot schools, honoring us for our services to the school and the community. We were each given title to a coconut tree, newly planted in our names on the school grounds of Canhaway.

The time came for us to say goodbye:

Ako manamilit dinhi sa barrio Canhaway, sa mga maesta, sa mag studente, ug sa tanan kong mga higala. Nga kamo nagpakita ug mga maaiong kagewian nako. Panghinaaton ko ngo ako makahatag ug diutayng hinabang. Kun ako m'abot didto sa among balay, akong storyahan ang akong maga kahigala-an sa kalipay nga akong gibati dinhi sa Pilipinas. Akong is storyahan ang akong tatay mahitungud sa trabaho sa ilang humayan ug pag palombo sa kalubian. Ug ako usab i storyahan ang akong bahin so bolang, bahin so ilang maaiong ~~kagawian~~ kagewian. Ug akong sulti-an sila akong i sulti kanila nga sko makasulti na ug Binisaya.

Dili nake hing kalimtan ang Pilipinas, ang Bohol, ug labi na gayud kaninyong tanan. Naponon sa kasakit ang akong casing-casing so akong pagbiya dinhi. Ug hinumdum me nga ako mag mamingawon tungud kaninyo can ako adto na sa America - sau ugma, so sunod tuig, ug sa mga katuigon. Hinumdum me ako kanunay.

I come to say goodbye to barrio Canhaway, to the teachers, to the students and to all my friends here. You have been very good to me. I hope I have helped you a little. When I return to America, I will tell everyone how happy I was in the Philippines. I will tell my mother about your beautiful dances and colorful costumes. I will tell my father about rice farming and growing coconuts. I will tell my young cousins about cockfighting. And I will tell them about the wonderful Filipino hospitality. Maybe I even will tell them that I tried to make speeches in Visayan.

I can never forget the Philippines, or Bohol, or all of you. My heart is full now with sorrow at our parting. Only remember that I will be lonely for you when I go to America - tomorrow, next year, forever. Remember me always.

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REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES

PROVINCE OF BOHOL

MUNICIPALITY OF GUINDULMAN

Resolution adopting Miss Geraldine Traina, U.S.
Peace Corps Volunteer, as a daughter of Guindulman, Bohol.

Whereas, Miss Geraldine Traina, a member of the U.S. Peace Corps, unselfishly and devotedly volunteered her service to and spent her entire tour of duty with the people of Guindulman, Bohol, Philippines;

Whereas, Miss Geraldine Traina, by deeds, by words, and by examples, has contributed much to the cause of peace, understanding, friendship and oneness among all the peoples everywhere;

Whereas, Miss Geraldine Traina, has given honor and respect to the town and people of this municipality by embracing and accepting their way of life, customs, and tradition without showing any complex or restraint;

Whereas, Miss Geraldine Traina, has endeared herself to our grateful people, who, in turn, has nurtured a deep and fond attachment to her as an obedient daughter; a loving sister; a kind neighbor, a loyal friend, a tireless worker, a patient teacher, a model citizen, and above all, a true Guindulmanon.

Wherefore, upon motion by Councilor Ben de Jesus and seconded by Councilor Dr. F. Liao, be it resolved, as it is hereby resolved by the Municipal Council of Guindulman, in a special session assembled, that Miss Geraldine Traina is hereby adopted as a daughter of Guindulman, Bohol, and further that it is conferred upon her all the rights and privileges of a towns daughter.